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The Nation. December 1, 1979 $1

EDITORIAL

A TIME FOR RESTRAINT

With the Ayatollah Khomeini's announcement that the remaining hostages are "spies" and "therefore" will be put on trial, it becomes clear that only concern for the hostages' safety is holding back an explosion of frustration and hatred toward Iran in this country. Violence begets violence, and one hopes that whatever the Ayatollah's next action or threat, the Carter Administration will heed the counsel of restraint, and begin a belated process of education explaining to the Iranians why the United States can't extradite Mohammed Reza Pahlevi under our law and our moral and political values, and why any attempt to bring him to justice must take place in accordance with international law. Carter should also explain to the Americans the motives behind the Iranians' tragic action. No peace will be possible between Iran and the United States until the Administration acknowledges our past complicity in the Pahlevi regime's installation and, by extension, its record of torture, repression and economic plunder.

The more we learn about the decision to admit the Shah to this country, the more his entry takes on the cast of another Henry Kissinger sideshow. It now seems clear that the Shah could have obtained adequate medical treatment in any number of other countries, and the Carter Administration has yet to explain why it submitted to the Kissinger-David Rockefeller pressures. Those pushing for the Shah's admission could not, perhaps, have anticipated the embassy takeover but they could not have been unaware that it would destabilize our relations with Iran and thus strengthen the advocates of an interventionist foreign policy. It would be a catastrophe if we permitted the emotions aroused by this affair to provoke a resurrection of the covert intelligence activities that saddled the world with the Shah in the first place.

BLACKS AND JEWS: END OF THE AFFAIR
Susan Jacoby

TALES OF THE WHITE HOUSE PRESS CORPS
Robert Sherrill

ISRAELI PEACE SYMPOSIUM
Amos Kenan
Yitzhak Ben-Aharon

GREAT DEBATE
Calvin Trillin

ISAAC B. SINGER
Mark Shechner

JERRY BROWN & THE LEFT

THE MAKING OF A 'FLAKE'

FRANCIS CARNEY

Oakland, Calif.

With Senator Edward Kennedy edging rightward and President Carter belligerently defending his center turf against all interlopers—primarily Kennedy—Gov. Jerry Brown deserves a serious re-examination by the left. This assertion will undoubtedly be greeted with skepticism in the East, for Brown's progressive ideas have been obscured in a media fog—and to be fair, a fog that Brown's own temperamental and ideological ambiguities have helped create. Still, Brown's case has not been helped by the press. Outside California, the media and liberals as well turned sour on him early on. One has to go back to George Romney in 1968 to think of a big-time Presidential candidate getting a worse mauling.

Whether it was his abortive sortie in New Hampshire to push his proposal for a balanced-budget constitutional amendment, his safari in East Africa with Linda Ronstadt, his participation in an antinuclear-power rally in Washington, or his flashy move on Carter when the California gas station lines threatened to get out of hand, the Eastern press has treated Brown as though he were either the head California crazy or else some kind of entirely new and very ominous political phenomenon. Bylined media stars have been unkind. Mike Royko dubbed Brown "Governor Moonbeam," which has a nice sound and threatens to catch on in California. Suave and worldly Richard Reeves rather primly acknowledged "real fear, patriotic fear" of what a President Brown might do. And solemn Joseph Kraft not only dismissed Brown as an "amateur" but one "who has acquired a reputation as an unprincipled opportunist ready to take any stand on any issue." But then An-

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LETTERS.

TABA REPLIES

New York City

Your editorial about The American Book Awards ["Nonbook Awards," *The Nation*, Oct. 6] requires a reply, if only to correct some errors in fact.

Contrary to the editorial's description of the nominating process, distributors will not be involved in either nominating or voting upon books. Nominations are made by committees of approximately eleven people in each category: two authors, two critics, two booksellers, two librarians, two editors/publishers and one or more "specialists"—people with special knowledge in the category subject, such as a historian in history. This last person is likely to be an author or critic (or both).

If you examine the structure of these committees, you will see that nearly half the members are authors or critics. Nominations are not open to the industry (as in the *Love Story*/National Book Awards incident you mentioned). Committees are instructed to choose five titles in each category only if they see five deserving of the award. If they find fewer, fewer will be nominated. If the excellence they seek is not there, no award will be made. Thus, when nominations are made, the assumption is that each nominated title actually deserves the award. It is only at this point that the voting is opened to the larger community and the award becomes an industry award. Two thousand voters, representing authors, critics, booksellers, librarians and publishers, vote for the winning books.

Your comments about categories are somewhat misleading. The new awards program offers awards in all of the N.B.A. categories. It goes one step further and separates autobiography and biography into two categories, since it was felt they represent different skills. The added categories were formed by looking at all categories of books published in the United States and eliminating—all the way from some seventy-five categories to the present list. Please note that the program does not give awards in sports, cooking, hobbies, crafts, life style, self-improvement but rather gives one award for all of these categories under the general heading "Current Interest." As for your comment that mixing mysteries and cookbooks with the "more serious books of the season" will "dilute the honor," one can only regard this as unnecessary snobbishness.

Your comments on bookstore chains have no relevance in a discussion of book awards, but it is probably fair to say that most authors, like most publishers, hope to see their books sold and read by as many people as possible. For publishers to publish the books they most want to publish, they must reach a wider audience for books in general. Reaching a wider audience is an important goal of this program. There is no reason to assume, however, that excellent books cannot both be given awards and brought to the attention of the public as part of the same program.

Finally, one would hope that the choices made next spring would be allowed to stand on their own and for the program to be judged at that time. The publishing industry has designed these awards in the hope of rewarding achievement at the highest levels and bringing excellence in publishing to a larger public. We see no reason why this shouldn't happen. *Ronald Busch*
President, Pocket Books
Franklyn L. Rodgers
President, Scribner Book Companies
Co-Chairmen
The American Book Awards

FALSE PREMISE

Stanford, Calif.

In the recent exchange between Alan Sagner and Aryeh Neier ["Dialogue," *The Nation*, Oct. 20] both writers accepted as a premise the statement that the black leaders who advocate contacts with the Palestine Liberation Organization have "allied themselves with the enemies of Israel." But it is a false premise. The Rev. Jesse Jackson and the Rev. Joseph Lowery have not called for Israel's destruction but for recognition of Palestinian national rights and negotiations with the P.L.O. which could lead to peace. At the same time, they have urged the P.L.O. to renounce violence against Israel.

It suits the purposes of the Begin Government to maintain that talking with the P.L.O. would lead to Israel's downfall. But this view is rejected by many Israelis, who see an accommodation between Israelis and Palestinians as the only means of achieving peace, and who recognize that—like it or not—only the P.L.O. can negotiate for the Palestinians with any degree of legitimacy.

Mr. Lowery and Mr. Jackson have taken a similar position, one shared not only by many Israelis but by most of the nations of the world. By accusing them of making common cause with Israel's enemies, Sagner and Neier simply perpetuate the myth that to oppose the policies of a particular Israeli Government is to threaten the state of Israel itself. It is this false identification of the state of Israel with the particular group of Israeli politicians who happen to be in office that serves to stifle debate on the Middle East in this country.

To urge negotiations with the P.L.O., as Mr. Jackson and Mr. Lowery have done, is indeed contrary to current Israeli Government policy. But if such negotiations can lead to a secure and comprehensive peace in the Middle East, then the black leaders have acted only in the best interests of the state of Israel and its people. *Rachelle Marshall*

PODHORETZ NO SPOKESMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Never have I seen the judicious and witty prose of Robert Lekachman ["Mean to Me," *The Nation*, Nov. 10] appear so shrill. And never was it more deserved. Surprisingly, not even Professor Lekachman's bill of particulars exhausts the damage inflicted by this neoconservative.

Norman Podhoretz, as editor of a journal published by the American Jewish Committee, has somehow been anointed by the media as a spokesman for American Jews. While his views undoubtedly have some adherents, it is a gross distortion to assume that his pronouncements on issues as disparate as nuclear power and the Egyptian-Israeli peace agreement (the month this historic document was signed, *Commentary* ran a sixteen-page article explaining why it *wouldn't* be signed!) represent the feelings of most American Jews. Rather, most opinion polls indicate that Jews maintain their age-old commitment to justice and decency.

Donald Altschiller

The Nation welcomes letters from readers. Please furnish name, address and zip code. Name will be withheld upon request.

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EDITORIALS.

Iranian Students

Two things are ominous in the review the Immigration and Naturalization Service is conducting of the status of all Iranian student aliens in the United States: our Government is scrutinizing and harassing a class of persons solely because of their national origin, and there has been little protest. The paucity of protest is especially worrisome because it may encourage escalation of the harassment.

In expressing concern for the Iranian students, we do not depreciate the provocation that inspired the actions against them. Yet there was great provocation also for two of the most infamous episodes in American history: the Palmer Raid deportations of aliens following World War I and the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II. A series of bombings attributed to anarchists culminating in the bombing of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's home precipitated the Palmer Raids. The greatest provocation in American history, the bombing of Pearl Harbor, incited the removal of Japanese-Americans from the West Coast and their confinement.

There are many similarities in these sorry actions. Neither the victims of the Palmer Raids, nor the Japanese-Americans, nor the Iranian students were responsible for the actions that inspired the United States to retaliate against them. In the case of the Japanese-Americans, as in the case of the Iranian students, the Government suggested that a concern for their safety, among other things, prompted its action. And there is a strong underlying xenophobia in all these affairs—against East European aliens in 1919, against "Japs" in 1942 and against Iranian aliens in 1979.

So far, the reprisals against the Iranian students have been less harsh than those against the radicals who were victims of the Palmer Raids or those against the Japanese-Americans. The Government is "only" enforcing the law against the Iranians. Yet this in itself is as obnoxious as, say, Richard Nixon's effort to single out his political enemies for

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income tax audits. The Government showed a readiness to abridge constitutional rights in time of crisis when President Carter issued an order prohibiting all demonstrations about Iran everywhere in Washington, D.C. Fortunately, that attempt to suspend the First Amendment was halted in its tracks by Federal Judge Aubrey Robinson, although the Court of Appeals has allowed the Government to keep the demonstrations out of Lafayette Park, across from the White House. Challenging selective enforcement of the immigration laws in court will be more difficult, but we applaud the American Civil Liberties Union for undertaking the task.

Along with the A.C.L.U. and Congressman Don Edwards of California we deplore President Carter's punitive use of the powers of the Immigration and Naturalization Service against aliens of a particular nationality. We call on others—particularly liberal Presidential candidates and the major daily newspapers—to add their voices to the warning that the Government must turn back now rather than proceed further down that road it has traveled before.

Brazilian Spring

The capabilities of the United States for ripping apart the often fragile fabric of democracy in the Third World are infinitely greater than its capabilities for mending the tears. Even so, a little bit of human rights policy can go a long way, particularly in Latin America, the traditional U.S. sphere of influence. Whether or not that policy remains in effect might well determine the outcome of the process of "decompression" now under way in Brazil.

After fifteen years of brutal repression and rampant exploitation, Brazilians are experiencing their own version of a "Prague Spring." In mid-1978, prior censorship was lifted from the last of the newspapers that had been subject to it. Radio, television and film are still under Government control, but the exuberance of the newly unleashed publicists is so infectious that at times even the censors appear to be looking the other way. The clamor among civilians for freedom of expression and participation has infected the military itself, and obvious cracks have appeared in the facade of military unity. Furthermore, the past year has seen an unprecedented rash of successful (repeat: successful) wildcat strikes.

When the country's traditional political parties were dissolved by decree in 1965 and replaced by an artificial two-party system, the official opposition party, the Brazilian Democratic Movement (M.D.B.), and the official Government party, National Renewal Alliance (Arena) were unpopularly dubbed, respectively, the parties of "Yes" and "Yes, Sir." Recently, the party of "Yes" has been saying "No," and the party of "Yes, Sir" has been saying "Maybe." Even though the system is rigged in such a way that the opposition cannot take control of the congress, the electoral victories of the M.D.B., ever larger since 1974 when the M.D.B. began to take itself seriously, have become so threatening to the military regime that the Government has proposed a return to a multiparty system.

Whether the new freedoms in Brazil have been given or taken remains an open question. Clearly the limited and orderly "democratic" system envisioned by the more liberal factions of the military and known as decompression is a far cry from the free-wheeling, all-inclusive system advocated by the more militant sectors of the opposition. The Government may well lose control of the process, but many Brazilians suggest that it had little choice. They note that the support of each of the pillars on which the dictatorship has rested—the United States, the multinational corporations, the national bourgeoisie and a large portion of the salaried middle class—has become attenuated or conditional.

A liberalization movement from which so many stand to gain is bound to have many causes, many authors and many beginnings. Economic problems are often cited as reasons for the weakening of the regime and the increasing boldness of the opposition. The working and would-be working classes, constituting the great majority of the population, have always fared badly under military rule. But the middle sector is now feeling the squeeze of an annual inflation rate exceeding 50 percent. Since the inception of the energy crisis, even the most thriving businesses have been stalked by insecurity, and the foreign debt, now hovering around $43 billion, has generated widespread concern.

Uncertainty resulting from the economic slippage has also exacerbated competition and friction among the major economic sectors. One of the country's eminent social scientists suggests that the "most creative tension" in Brazil at present is that between the multinational corporations and the uniformed entrepreneurs of the state-owned enterprises. The ability and willingness of the military Government to sacrifice major sectors of national private industry was essential to the program of the multinationals. Some leaders of these corporations, however, have begun to feel that their interests are now threatened by the arbitrary powers and the statist pretensions of the military Government; it has dawned on them that they might be less vulnerable to surprises operating under a civilian government with limited powers.

Meanwhile, Brazilian industrialists, whose terrain has been steadily encroached upon by both the multinationals and the state sector, have been increasingly vocal about their resentment of the double-barreled competition. They, too, have profited from low wages and, until recently, a docile work force. But, on the whole, they have been played for suckers, and some have begun to say so.

In all discussions of political trends in Brazil, the influence of the United States must be taken into account. The complicity of the United States in the demise of the last constitutional government is fully documented and well known to Brazilians. (See editorial, "Brazil '64," *The Nation*, March 31, 1979.) The transformation in U.S. policy ushered in by the Carter Administration has been only one of many factors contributing to decompression. But even the optimists in Brazil fear that should the United States back away from its support for human rights, their movement might be engulfed by a new wave of repression. For the moment, most Brazilians appear to identify the United States

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with the hopeful trends in their country. We cannot afford to disappoint them again.

After Love Canal

In the aftermath of last year's "national emergency" at the Love Canal in Niagara Falls, New York, surveys commissioned by the Environmental Protection Agency revealed that there are more than 30,000 potentially dangerous chemical dump sites across the country. Several thousand of them pose an immediate threat to health and the environment, E.P.A. found, and the total cost of cleaning them up could exceed $40 billion. From Lowell, Massachusetts, to Riverside, California, dozens of these toxic cesspools are already leaking carcinogens into back yards, basements and water supplies.

In mid-October a Congressional investigative subcommittee which had been studying the chemical waste problem for the past year concluded that it posed "an imminent hazard to man and the environment" that "cannot be overstated." It criticized E.P.A. on several fronts, accused industry of "laxity, not infrequently to the point of criminal negligence," and said that "Congress has shown lethargy in legislating controls and appropriating funds for their enforcement."

Attempts in Washington to stem the tide of chemical waste have focused on two efforts: creating a fund to clean up the dump site and instituting the first Federal regulations that would track hazardous chemicals from "cradle to grave." E.P.A. has come under increasing fire because it is nearly two years late in proposing regulations under the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act (passed in 1976). Meanwhile, Congressional attention has been shifted to various cleanup proposals.

On June 13, President Carter presented Congress with legislation that would, over the next four years, establish a $1.6 billion "superfund" to pay for cleaning up chemical hazards if the company responsible refused to act (or could not be identified, as frequently happens). Eighty percent of the fund, he said, would come from fees on industries which manufacture raw materials used to make chemicals; the rest would be supplied by Federal and state tax dollars. Whenever possible, the Government, after tapping the superfund, would sue the local company to recover the cleanup costs.

Even though the price of paying the new fees would no doubt be passed on to the consumer, industry leaders responded coolly to the collective-guilt superfund concept. "The bill unfairly singles out the chemical and related industries to bear a disproportionate burden of cleanup costs," said Robert A. Roland, president of the Chemical Manufacturers Association. The chemical dumping crisis, he argued, is "a problem which everyone has helped create and for whose solution everyone should help pay."

While the Environmental Defense Fund, perhaps the most active citizens' group involved in this issue, strongly endorsed the President's initiative, it criticized his bill for providing "wholly inadequate" reimbursement to citizens whose property is destroyed or health impaired by chemical leakage. This is crucial, Leslie Dach of E.D.F. claims, because most people have found that "it is nearly impossible to win damages in courts. They have to take on a big company, prove it was responsible for a spill—and then prove beyond a doubt that their health problems were caused directly by the chemicals." In a joint statement, twelve environmental groups recently charged that the Administration's bill "seriously shortchanges the American people."

They support, instead, a superfund measure sponsored by Senators Edmund Muskie and John Culver (S. 1480). It provides that the cleanup kitty be fully, not partially, funded by industry fees. It allows victims to receive compensation from the superfund while the Government seeks reimbursement from chemical dumpers. These companies would be held "strictly liable" for all damages, regardless of criminal negligence—the so-called "polluter pays" principle. In this way, Muskie-Culver shifts the legal burden of proof from victims to industry, which henceforth would have to demonstrate that their chemicals *were not* adversely affecting health and property.

Three committees in the House are now considering their own superfund bills, which will likely be less "liberal" than Muskie-Culver. They will attempt to reduce industry fees, limit (but not prohibit) compensation to victims, and soften strict liability. "It's a crisis situation and the House is fiddling around," charges Hugh Kaufman, manager of E.P.A.'s damage assessment program. "Congress has to take leadership on this issue because the White House isn't." In the past year, Kaufman has frequently blasted his superiors, before Congress and in the press; perhaps more than anyone in Washington, he has called attention to the chemical waste issue. While he supports Muskie-Culver, he believes that it doesn't go far enough.

"All of the superfund proposals," Kaufman contends, "basically provide a pot of money to pay off noisy victims rather than apprehend the perpetrators. The Government wants to be Sugar Daddy rather than cop. This actually provides negative incentive—the fund becomes a Federal insurance policy. In theory, industry would try to clean up its act because the Government could sue them to reimburse the fund. But it just won't happen. E.P.A. already has that power and except for a few nickel-dime cases, we haven't done that. It takes too long and E.P.A. just has no commitment to this issue. And so the companies will never be scared into protecting the public."

Kaufman believes that the superfund bill will discourage chemical crime only if it grants additional authority—and resources—to Federal officials seeking to prosecute offenders and win damage settlements. Recently, the Justice Department created a new unit to handle prosecutions involving hazardous waste facilities. "I don't think the department can wait for E.P.A. to try to close the gap," explained Anthony Roisman, an environmental lawyer chosen to organize the section. "We've got the drinking water supplies of millions of people at stake."

Despite growing public concern, combating the chemical menace remains a low priority in Washington. E.P.A., for

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example, allocates less than 2 percent of its budget to its hazardous waste division. Congress should act fast to pass a superfund bill that provides for generous victim compensation and makes industry, not taxpayers, responsible for defusing chemical "time bombs." It should also require E.P.A. to strengthen its legal efforts in this area. And it should try to persuade the chemical industry to hold off its expected legal challenge to the superfund fee collection concept. But with the benefits—and constitutionality—of the superfund unproven, and the limits of E.P.A. obvious, the prospect of decades of new Love Canals has only slightly diminished. "Progress has been excruciatingly slow," E.D.F.'s Dach observes. "It will probably take another ten years to see any improvement."

"By the year 2000," Kaufman predicts, "we may have progressed to the point in the chemical disposal field where we are *right now* with regard to nuclear waste and reactor safety." That is precious little to look forward to; and for many people, at the Love Canal and elsewhere, not only too little but too late. GREG MITCHELL

Greg Mitchell, who has written for The Nation *and other magazines, was born and raised in Niagara Falls, New York.*

Naming Names

You've all heard the story (true) about the Englishman who was prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act for writing the name of a British spy in the sand as the tide was coming in. A law of similarly draconian implications has been proposed on this side of the water by Representative Edward Boland (D., Massachusetts). Representative Boland's bill, known as the Intelligence Identities Protection Act, would impose penalties of varying severity on intelligence personnel and private citizens who reveal the identity of undercover agents of the Central Intelligence Agency, depending on whether the individual who publishes the information had "authorized access" to the information or obtained it from nonclassified sources.

The bill would thus not only throttle potential whistleblowers inside the C.I.A., it would also affect journalists, authors and scholars who write about it. Representative Boland admits that his bill is "controversial," since it "could subject a private citizen to criminal prosecution for disclosing unclassified information obtained from unclassified sources." Precisely the point, we would think. We are revealing no secrets when we identify the bill's immediate target as publications such as *Covert Action Bulletin*, a Washington newsletter that prints names of C.I.A. agents obtained by assiduous combing of Foreign Service personnel lists and other public sources. How can the Government punish someone who reveals information deduced from unclassified sources? Well, says Boland lamely, "the unauthorized disclosure of the name of an undercover agent is no less damaging to the national security and no more beneficial to the public because it was disclosed by a private citizen instead of a C.I.A. employee."

We would argue that—freedom of the press aside—such reporting performs a service; it tells the C.I.A. which of its agents are most likely to be "blown," enabling it to take appropriate measures and even clear out nonproductive sources. Boland's bill makes the dubious assumption that American investigative reporters are more effective and accurate than foreign counterintelligence operatives—which, given the modest resources allocated to investigative reporting by American newspapers, will come as a surprise to media critics.

The hard case of publishing names of C.I.A. operatives notwithstanding, the badness of this law is, of course, its wider applicability. If such a law had been in effect in the days of Watergate, could Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein have been prosecuted for revealing Howard Hunt's C.I.A. ties? Boland's bill, which is backed by thirteen fellow members of the House Intelligence Committee, is dubious because of the narrowness of its aim and the potential breadth of its effects.

Follow-Up

Last January, Michael Townley coolly described how, as an agent for Chile's secret police, he had set up the September 1976 bombing assassination of Orlando Letelier, Chile's former Ambassador to the United States. Townley's testimony led to the convictions of three Cuban exiles accused of helping him.

Letelier's death brought about an all-out U.S. investigation that traced the killers to Chile's DINA, the notorious police of dictator Augusto Pinochet. Prosecutors in Rome and Buenos Aires became interested in Townley's testimony about assassinations and attacks against Chilean exiles not long after *The Nation*'s June 2 investigative report by Washington writer John Dinges ("Chile's Global Hit Men") identifying Townley as DINA's liaison to a three-continent terrorist network linked to the shooting of Chilean opponents of Pinochet in Argentina and Italy. The article was picked up by newspapers in several Latin American countries and by *La Repubblica* in Rome.

The revelations of DINA and Townley's involvement in other assassinations had magnified the impact of the Letelier case on the already uneasy Chilean establishment support for the Pinochet dictatorship. Sources in Chile say that translations and clippings of the *Nation* article began to be circulated hand-to-hand in Santiago in early July. The sole opposition magazine, *Hoy*, planned a cover story for its July 27 issue based principally on the *Nation* article and on interviews with relatives of other exiled Chilean victims. But a few days before the issue was to appear—with the cover story already in print—Santiago's military commander and the Government's Interior Minister ordered the magazine closed down for two months. With private American investment now flowing in, Chile's military Government apparently feels sufficiently secure that it can defy U.S. and international disapproval of its years of blatant state-sponsored terrorism at home and abroad.

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14—Any hope that the Presidential campaign debates would not be dominated by talk of Senator Kennedy's alleged philandering and Governor Reagan's alleged age was dashed in Tuesday night's initial encounter when Senator Kennedy said, in response to a probing question about skirt-chasing, "I don't do that sort of thing anymore," and Governor Reagan broke in to say, "I do! I do!"

Those who value the campaign debates as an institution were disheartened not only by the level of the discussion but by the behavior of Rafferty O'Leary, the Boston political reporter, who stirred suspicion of a Kennedy bias from his first question to Governor Reagan ("Governor, don't you think, when it gets right down to it, you're just too old to cut the mustard?"). A suspicion of bias became a suspicion of collusion when O'Leary, later in the debate, asked the Governor, "Governor Reagan, is it true that you dye your nose?"

Most observers here believe that Mr. O'Leary, who was making his first appearance on national television, meant to ask Governor Reagan about his hair rather than his nose, and simply misread the question, having left his eyeglasses at home in the belief that they would detract from his appearance. There are also people in Washington who believe that a genuine confusion arose in Mr. O'Leary's mind because in his home town of Boston some politicians, intent on disguising the broken blood vessels and telltale scarlet that sometimes accompany heavy drinking, actually *do* dye their noses. Certainly, there is no significant body of opinion here in support of the contention that Governor Reagan dyes his nose. To this reporter, who was in the studio during the debate, the Governor's nose seemed consistent in color with the rest of his face.

Whatever the facts on the Governor's nose color—and, in this campaign in which no issue seems out of bounds, the nation's voters are entitled to expect a full airing of those facts—O'Leary's apparent mistake raised the ugly possibility that the question he read was not his own. Under the circumstances, it is incumbent on the Kennedy camp to reveal whether O'Leary's connection with Senator Kennedy extends beyond what is already widely known—that he has been a frequent guest at the Senator's McLean, Virginia, estate and that he works there on weekends as an assistant groom.

Both candidates were well prepared. Governor Reagan only twice had to consult a tattered copy of the speech he used to deliver for General Electric. Kennedy's staff work was most impressive in the Senator's handling of a surprise question asked by Rob Pretty of ABC about a seventeen-year-old magazine feature on his wife ("A New Mrs. Kennedy in Washington," *Look*, February 26, 1963), which included a picture of Mrs. Kennedy in the Senator's old Army field jacket. Pretty, ABC chief investigative reporter, had unearthed not only the old *Look* article but the fact that the field jacket is the one item of clothing all soldiers are required to hand in upon discharge.

"I'm glad you asked that, Rob," the Senator said. "I think the Army Regulation you're referring to is A.R. 47-328-HR3b. Roscoe Felkner, who was the supply clerk of my outfit, has now signed an affidavit swearing that he neglected to call that A.R. to my attention. We also have a statement from Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the distinguished historian, who says that both Andrew Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt failed to hand in their field jackets, and that they were better Presidents for it. Mr. Felkner can be contacted at my McLean, Virginia, estate, where he works as an assistant groom. The same is true of Mr. Schlesinger."

Senator Kennedy's answer was so complete that Pretty, it has now been revealed, decided against asking a follow-up question about whether the sort of Army inspection tours common to the Presidency would present the Senator with irresistible temptations to let a machine gun stick to his fingers or to make off with an ICBM.

Although the Senator has insisted that his Presidential campaign staff is not made up of "old Kennedy hands," Schlesinger is not the only such hand whose presence was felt in the debate. Theodore Sorensen, who is known for what students of American political oratory refer to as "reversible raincoat sentences" ("Ask not what your country can do for you, ask . . ."), has supposedly chosen not to interrupt his career in private life to join the campaign—he works at the Senator's McLean, Virginia, estate as an assistant groom—but his touch seemed apparent when Senator Kennedy said, in answering the sixth of twenty-three questions he was asked about Chappaquiddick, "Although I feared to drown, I drowned my fear." The remark went unnoticed by most viewers, as it happened, because Governor Reagan chose that moment to interrupt again, interjecting, "I'm a helluva swimmer. Helluva swimmer. I can swim circles around that tub of guts."

Governor Reagan, who has concentrated on projecting an image of youthful vigor, may have carried that strategy too far by arriving at the National Broadcasting Company's New York studios for the debate on horseback, and refusing to dismount. Senator Kennedy was wise to take no notice of the fact that his opponent was debating on horseback ("It would have only drawn attention to him," the Senator said later, "and that was what he was after"). It was characteristic of the bitterness already engendered by this campaign that Governor Reagan's staff reacted to the Governor's fall by accusing Senator Kennedy of having startled the horse by pounding the lectern for emphasis after answering a question about his involvement in the short-sheeting of the bed of the assistant headmaster of Milton Academy in 1946. To this observer, who was in the studio, it appeared that the horse simply reared in the heat of rebuttal. It now remains to be seen who stands to gain politically from the fact that Senator Kennedy, as he walked out of the NBC studio, was detained by New York police for leaving the scene of an accident.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

A fine investigative reporter, James A. Haughte, recently completed a series of articles for *The Charleston Gazette* called "The Electronic Church," which described what has become a major form of church worship in West Virginia and many other states—television evangelism. Methodism is West Virginia's largest denomination, with nearly 1,000 ministers serving 170,000 Methodists in 1,500 churches, which take in about $22 million a year in donations. But the top evangelists appearing on national TV gross upward of $40 million a year. Heading the list are: Worldwide Church of God, $75 million annually; Oral Roberts, $60 million; Pat Robinson, $58 million; Jim Bakker (P.T.L. Club, "Praise the Lord"), $50 million, and Jerry Falwell (*Old Time Gospel Hour*), $46 million. Billy Graham still takes in about $40 million but ranks only sixth on the list. Such familiar right-wing pulpit-thumpers as Carl McIntire and Billy James Hargis must now survive on $3 million and $1 million respectively. The good Dr. Hargis, long a star revivalist for the ultra-right, has never fully recovered from the effects of his involvement in a widely publicized sex scandal.

Until recently, Leroy Jenkins, who is serving a twelve-year term in South Carolina State Prison, collected a tidy $3 million a year by rerunning tapes of his *Revival of America* program. Six weeks before he went off to prison, Jenkins appeared at the Charleston (West Virginia) Civic Center, and his supporters, in an ecstatic mood, reported that he cured the blind and performed other miracles. The Rev. Jerry Falwell's *Old Time Gospel Hour* is broadcast over 317 television stations each Sunday and some 300 radio outlets every day. "Prime-time religions" spend between $6 million and $8 million annually on TV and radio in West Virginia and about $500 million annually for national programs. The TV-radio gospel boom has also resulted in a bonanza in evangelical books, the market for which is now said to be nearing the $1 billion mark. Nowadays some 2,800 stores affiliated with the Christian Booksellers Association gross $600 million a year and are also doing a thriving business in the sale of records.

Some of the electronic evangelists are relatively sedate and old-fashioned. The Rev. Leonard Repass of Charleston, whose program is broadcast over more than thirty-nine stations, stresses hellfire and brimstone but makes a real effort to get his message to those in hospitals and prisons. But the Rev. "Ike" Eikerenkoetter of New York wears $1,000 suits and his fingers drip with diamonds. He tells more than a million black believers: "Do what the rich do: think big."

What the newer electronic evangelists have in common is their theological and ideological stance. They stress intensely patriotic themes of the "I Love America" variety. They take the Bible literally. They are against homosexuals, divorce, SALT II, moral permissiveness, abortion, etc., and they are becoming overtly political. For example, the Rev. Jerry Falwell is now raising funds and organizing support for his political crusade, the Moral Majority, which propagates a heavily right-wing gospel. His supporters are overwhelmingly white and include many farmers, blue-collar workers and small-business men.

Born-again evangelicals are today perhaps the largest single religious constituency. In this category, the right-wing electronic money-men constitute a significant and potent minority whose political fundamentalism matches their religious fanaticism. In almost every instance, the top-grossing TV evangelists are constantly expanding their operations, forming new centers, organizing new encampments and tent-cities, setting up new publishing and direct-mail ventures, building handsome new TV studios and launching small colleges. TV evangelism is a growth industry that must keep growing to stay alive. The competition is keen. But the generosity of donors keeps pace.

Even the scandals that keep surfacing fail to check the flow of cash. Evangelist James Whitby of Oklahoma, who converted Anita Bryant when she was in high school, was convicted last fall of swindling an 83-year-old woman out of $25,000. After entering prison he was indicted again on charges of tricking believers into paying $4 million for worthless gospel "outreach" bonds. Indicted with him was the Rev. T. Sherron Jackson, previously convicted of a $6 million fraud in the Baptist Foundation of America.

The overhead expenses of some of these electronic evangelists are outrageously high, but the cash flow continues. It seems to be motivated by nostalgia, a sincere conviction that something has gone radically wrong with American society, and that all of us must be born again. The press, following the lead of *The Charleston Gazette*, should inform its readers of what is going on. The least it can do is to publish, as *The Gazette* did, the list of fifty religious groups "disapproved" by the U.S. Council of Better Business Bureaus.

Most of the TV-radio evangelists are spokesmen for the extreme right and, in some instances, a direct link is being established between "prime-time religion" and right-wing politics. Also, the electronic evangelists are making it increasingly difficult for the mainline churches to raise funds. Many of the born-again folk find it easier to stay home—there is no parking problem—watch the tube and then mail in a check.

In a recent issue, the Presbyterian publication *Survey* charged that fundamentalist celebrities had seized the airwaves and turned them into a gold mine. "But worse than the magical money suction exerted by the television evangelists is the bad theology they disseminate. TV preachers, like TV commercials, deal largely in magic solutions. Apparently many Americans still want to believe in magic. Despite the money, there isn't much evidence that TV evangelists are spending it on anything except their own empires. . . . Do these multimillion-dollar TV studios do anything to feed the poor?" The established churches could also take to the airwaves, but this would be another example of the solution becoming part of the problem. □

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ARTICLES.

BLACKS AND JEWS

End of the Affair

SUSAN JACOBY

In the early years of the civil rights movement, I fell in love with both Jews and blacks.

As an 18-year-old who had grown up in a Midwestern town where I had never met any Jews, I viewed the Jews I encountered on the dangerous Southern battlefields of the movement as more intelligent, more cultured and more decent than the white people I had known all my life. In 1963 and 1964, to meet a white civil rights worker from the North was to meet a Jew; the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee did not hand out ethnic surveys but, take my word for it, most of the white kids who laid their lives on the line before the big marches and the big publicity were Jews.

I viewed the blacks as proud fighters for their own freedom. During the "freedom summer" of 1964, it was hard to think beyond the omnipresent fear of a shotgun emerging from the window of a passing car or a noose at the end of a lonely country road. When I did speculate about what blacks would be like when *we* had won the battle, I thought the end of persecution would free them to become —like the Jews—more intelligent, cultured and decent than anyone I had ever known.

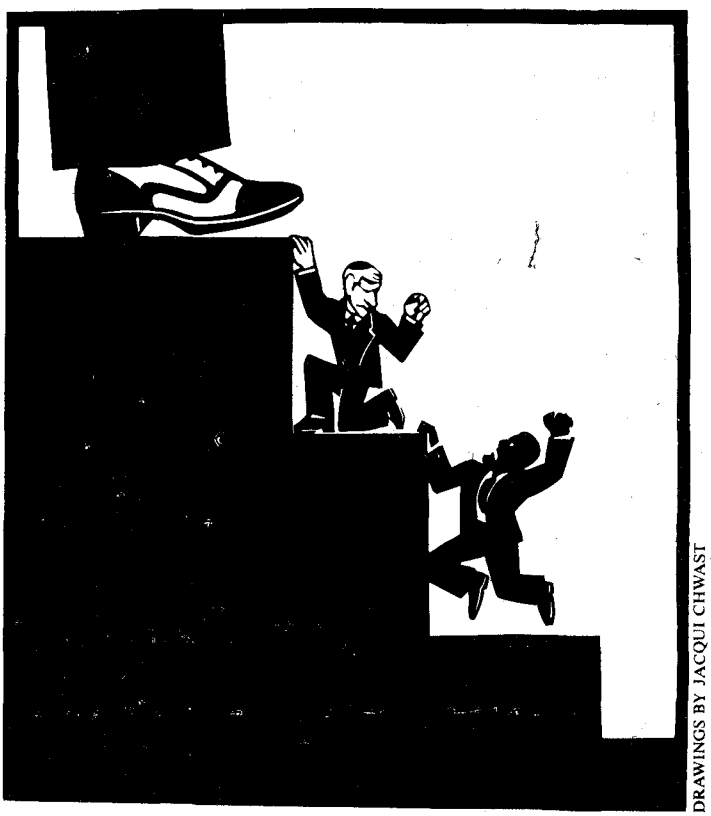
One muggy night—shortly after James Chaney, Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman disappeared—a boy from City College of New York was talking about how his grandparents had fled Russia after the Kishinev pogrom of 1903. "It makes those old stories come alive for me," he said. "This movement is going to liberate the Negroes the way immigration liberated us."

There it was (and is). The idea that *they* are really like *us*—that most persistent and paradoxical illusion of a pluralistic society—is the real basis of the fury and heartache between blacks and Jews in America today. Blacks really did think Jews were better than other whites. Young Jews really did think the explosion of black achievement would parallel the liberating effect of the New World on the energies of their parents and grandparents. These old perceptions of cultural identity explain more about the extraordinary spectacle of Jesse Jackson embracing Yasir Arafat, as well as the enraged and anguished response of the Jewish community, than any of the obvious milestones in the deterioration of black-Jewish relations in the late 1960s and 1970s.

A personal note. In the early 1960s, I was somewhat more concerned with the relationship between personal and cultural identity than most of my contemporaries, black and white, involved in the civil rights movement. Having been raised as a Roman Catholic and having spent half of my life in parochial schools attended by Irish Catholics and the other half in suburban public schools with WASPs, I had just learned that my father (who converted to Catholicism when I was a child) was born a Jew. In New York people would one day ask, "But how could you not have known with a name like Jacoby?" The answer is simple: In a *judenrein* environment, a child does not think about the possibility that she, or one of her parents, might be a Jew. "Jacoby" was a name that conveyed no more ethnic significance to me than "Gallagher" or "McGuire" or "Adams." In the civil rights movement, then, I was an outsider among outsiders—almost as puzzled by the folkways of a place called the "Upper West Side" as by the steamy hatreds of the Mississippi Delta.

In those days, there seemed to be a good deal of social contact between the "outsiders"—black and white—who were converging on the small towns of the South. The makeshift quarters in black churches and dormitories came alive every night with loud, impassioned and—so it seemed—meaningful arguments about ourselves and our society. Today, reading and listening to the statements of blacks and Jews who were there, I wonder whether any of us learned anything from one another or understood anything at all about one another.

What is one to make of repeated statements by blacks who say they find it impossible to understand how, "after all this time," Jews can still be insecure in America? After all *what* time? Most of the young Jews who went South were the grandchildren of immigrants. Some had parents who were college graduates, but most represented the first generation in their families to obtain a higher education.



DRAWINGS BY JACQUI CHWAST

Susan Jacoby has written about race, immigration and education for many years. Her most recent book, The Possible She, *was published this year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

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Some had fathers who were doctors or college professors, but many more had fathers who were marginally successful small-business men or members of the garment workers' union. Those who were the children of college-educated professionals were well aware that their parents had overcome anti-Semitic quotas to gain entrance to graduate and professional schools.

My contemporaries are, in fact, the first generation of American Jews to grow up without encountering significant anti-Semitic barriers to educational and professional achievement. Many blacks, however, view Jews not as uneasy first- and second-generation achievers but as just another group of whites with a history of entrenched and unchallenged privilege.

I remember an edgy conversation fifteen years ago between a black girl from Howard University and a Jewish girl from Radcliffe. The Jewish girl was describing the quota system her father overcame to gain admission to law school in 1937: "My Dad told me, 'Even though they rigged the game, we just made up our minds to be ten times as good as they were and beat them by their own lousy rules.'" The black girl said, "But what if they don't even let you into the rigged game?"

Looking back, it seems clear that the American educational system—and its role in individual and group advancement—was destined to become a critical source of misunderstanding between blacks and Jews. American Jews have always regarded educational meritocracy—admission to schools on the basis of a relatively objective measure of achievement, like tests—as an important social goal. The growing aggressiveness of Jewish organizations in defense of their own interests after World War II certainly played a role in the demise of anti-Semitic quotas in the 1950s, but the real blow to quotas was dealt by determined Jewish students who outdid the *goyim* even in a rigged game. A Jew had to score 100 points higher than a gentile to gain admission to a particular medical school? Fine. The medical school was inundated by so many Jewish high scorers that the quota could not hold.

This history made Jews overwhelmingly sympathetic to the early black demands connected with schooling—not only the end of legal segregation at all levels of the educational system but an active effort to recruit qualified black students by institutions that had formerly ignored them. The same history, however, made Jews react with anxiety and alarm to any proposals that blacks be given special preference over whites with higher "objective" qualifications. This anxiety, which began developing in the late 1960s, was eventually reflected in the amicus curiae briefs filed by some Jewish organizations on behalf of Allen Bakke.

But I am getting ahead of the story. The first serious black-Jewish confrontation over education—the bitter New York school strike in the fall of 1968—received very little attention in the rest of the country. I covered that strike for *The Washington Post* and I was amazed during the early weeks of the conflict at the pains taken by New York newspapers to skirt the nasty issues of racism and anti-Semitism.

The strike was, ostensibly, over an issue concerned with school decentralization—the right of a community school board in Ocean Hill-Brownsville to transfer teachers out of its jurisdiction and to hire new teachers. Beneath the surface, there was the fact that three-quarters of the city's teachers and principals were white and Jewish and three-quarters of the pupils and parents were black and Puerto Rican. The United Federation of Teachers made a great deal out of the fact that most of the teachers the black community board wanted to replace were Jewish. Most of the *new* teachers the board wanted to hire were also Jewish, but that fact was seldom mentioned.

Anonymous anti-Semitic newsletters began appearing near the teachers' picket lines. The teachers then began haranguing about what it was like working day after day with "animals" in the classrooms. When I wrote about the comments, a teachers' union official phoned me and accused me of having made up the whole story. "The Nazis killed six million of us," the union officer screamed. "How can you mention bigotry and Jews in the same breath?"

Most disturbing of all was a conversation with a Jewish woman I had known in Mississippi who now taught in a junior high school. "It will be generations before these people are capable of learning and achievement," she said. "They aren't like the black students we knew in the movement. They were exceptions."

These people. Neither the words nor the sentiments were strange; I grew up hearing them in the Middle West. The real shock was to hear those words from a Jew. But some of the things blacks were saying to and about Jews were just as shocking—and they became more shocking as the 1960s turned into the 1970s. In the mid-1970s, I returned to Michigan State University to see what changes "affirmative action" had brought to my old campus. When I attended Michigan State between 1963 and 1965, there were only 600 black students in an enrollment of more than 26,000. Ten years later, there were several thousand blacks on campus.

"All of that Jewish *goodness*," exploded a black professor I had known when we were both undergraduates. "They were only interested in going South because it'd look good on their grad school applications. Who do you think was responsible for the fact that there were only a couple hundred black students here when we're right near Detroit?" Who, I asked. Jewish professors who had a stranglehold on academia, he answered. It was no use pointing out that the administrators at Michigan State during those years were almost all white Anglo-Saxon Protestant males.

I also spoke with an old friend, a well-known black educator who helped run the free schools in Prince Edward County, Virginia, during the era of "massive resistance" to school desegregation. He predicted both the stiffening of organized Jewish resistance to any affirmative action programs that smacked of "quotas" and a growing tendency on the part of blacks to hold Jews responsible for all the sins of white America.

"Most blacks simply do not know anything about what quotas have meant to Jews in the United States," he said. "As for Jews, I think there's a tendency to equate discrimination against blacks with discrimination against Jews—

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something that isn't accurate within the context of American history. But more than that—there's a tendency to romanticize people who are your closest allies and be disappointed if they turn out to be human. What if Jews did see the civil rights movement as being in their self-interest? Would we prefer allies who just thought they were doing us a big favor? It seems to me that blacks and Jews can have a better working relationship on the social problems that concern us both if we're not projecting our fantasies onto each other."

Reasonable words—but neither Jews nor blacks are feeling particularly reasonable toward each other anymore. The old love affair of the civil rights movement is, of course, intimately related to the present disillusionment. I can listen reasonably and agree with black leaders who assert their right to speak out on foreign policy—including the situation in the Middle East. But I cannot feel reasonable when I hear about black leaders singing "We Shall Overcome" with representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organization.

For me, the symbolism of the civil rights anthem transformed a political quarrel into an obscenity. I suppose blacks would feel the same way if they saw a Star of David being burned at a Ku Klux Klan rally; maybe they experienced a measure of the emotion when they saw the amicus briefs in the Bakke case. Now in the absence of both romance and reason, neither blacks nor Jews seem capable of fathoming each other's most ancient hopes and fears. □

BEHIND THE DUCK BLIND

Tales of the White House Press Corps

ROBERT SHERRILL

President Carter's decline in the polls has made him increasingly sensitive to, and unhappy with, the coverage he is getting from the entire Washington press and particularly from the White House corps. In talking with a dozen able reporters who hang around the White House with varying degrees of faithfulness (myself, I never go near the place), I found that most are running into a press operation that is aloof, up-tight, cagey, wary and defensive. Some reporters use words like "paranoia" and "siege mentality" to describe the situation.

The clearest sign of the President's unhappiness is his—and Press Secretary Jody Powell's—avoidance of the Washington press. In mid-July Carter held a twelve-day skull session at Camp David, calling in more than a hundred "experts" to help him figure out how to reinflate his sagging political balloon. Apparently one of the things he decided at the Camp David summit was to have as little as possible to do with that bothersome crowd of Washington reporters who sometimes, though not really very often, ask embarrassing questions.

When Carter became President in 1977, he promised to hold a press conference every two weeks or so, and over the next couple of years he came pretty close to fulfilling that promise. But after his July 25 White House press conference, he didn't hold another one there until October 9. He turned his attention instead to the press in the sticks. And he began going over the heads of the working press in Washington by holding private conferences with their bosses and with specialty editors and editorial writers.

As for Jody Powell, his relationship with the Washington press did not merely sour; it turned poisonous. When Powell first hit Washington he was noted for his biting wit. But when reporters began questioning him closely about the financial escapades of Carter's close friend Bert Lance, who left the directorship of the Office of Management and Budget under a cloud, and kept asking him for fuller explanations of such things as Dr. Bourne's prescription of Quaalude for a young woman on the White House staff, Powell's wit became tinged with acid. Finally, his daily press briefings were, as *Newsweek*'s Thomas DeFrank described them, "real snake pits," with shouted insults a commonplace.

Powell is not blind to his own defects. Apparently he is making a genuine effort to reform. Patrick Sloyan of *Newsday* says that "there was generally more pure nastiness, more hostility from Carter and Jody" before Camp David than since. "It seems to me that since Camp David they've been making a conscientious effort to repair relations with the White House press. At least Jody is. His testiness, his blasting us as hypocrites, has hurt the White House, or at least they think it has. They are trying to be more positive. The trip down the Mississippi was partly to get to know the press better. There was a rotating pool aboard. All the regulars had a chance to sit down and talk with the President, have a drink with him, relax with him. I was in a small group of reporters that had an hour with Carter. These sessions were downright chummy, with Jody picking up the bar tab.

"Jody is trying to hold his tongue. But it's hard for him to do. When small boats pushed up against the *Delta Queen* in such a way as to be unsafe, we were talking about how to get rid of them. Jody said, 'You could lower me over the side with a hoe and I could pretend they were network people and beat them off.' Jody just keeps saying those things."

The deterioration of Powell's sense of humor—and his growing inability to convey humor instead of hostility—is a pretty good measure of what's happening, despite all efforts at reform. Venom now lies so heavily on his tongue that nobody can tell when he is joking and when he isn't. For example, on the trip down the Mississippi, Powell became so irritated by press comments about the President's baby-kissing antics that he told reporters, "It's just lucky the President didn't use the three paragraphs I suggested as a response to the baby-kissing criticism." He made the remark facetiously; he hadn't expected the comment to be reported at all. But it was reported straight, and the next day Ray Coffey of *The Chicago Tribune* asked Powell if he could see the three-paragraph response. This was the first warning Powell had that his flip remark was being taken

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seriously, and, as one reporter on the spot told me, "He went bananas." Powell ordered his aide, Rex Granum, to get in touch with every reporter trailing the *Delta Queen* and inform him/her that he had been joking.

Two years ago he wouldn't have had to explain. But things have turned rotten—so rotten, in fact, that Powell has simply quit holding daily press briefings. Now he holds briefings only when he feels like it.

James Deakin of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* thinks "they've gone right into the siege mentality. 'The press is trying to destroy this fine man.' It dates from the Bert Lance episode. That was the great awakening that came to these people that there is a critical press in this country. Every President wakes up eventually to what the press is all about, and Carter woke up during the Lance period. That was the cold shower. He and Jody and Ham decided that the press was trying to destroy that fine man, too. Then came Jordan's Amaretto and cream stories, and oh boy, that was just like going after the throne itself."

Deakin had good cause to recall the Amaretto and cream affair, for his reporting of it triggered an unusually expressive response from the White House. It came about like this: Shortly before Jordan was accused of spitting a drink —Amaretto and cream—on the blouse of a young woman at a Washington bar, he had been cleared to sit in on the weekly intelligence meetings with Carter and Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski. At a White House press briefing Deakin asked Powell if he thought it was prudent for a person with access to that kind of information to hang around bars. Powell said Deakin's question was part of a general press conspiracy to "harass" the Carter Administration and that "it's time we take a good hard look at this kind of journalism." Powell followed up with a phone call to Deakin in which he fussed and bitched for forty-five minutes "by the clock," says Deakin.

Later, Deakin's 13-year-old son, David, encountered Jordan at a celebrity tennis tournament where they chatted over soda pops. After a while Jordan asked David what his father did for a living. When it sank in that David's sire was *the* Deakin, Jordan said sadly, "Your father is trying to kill me."

Helen Thomas, who has covered the White House for U.P.I. since the Kennedy Administration, says, "We've always had pretty good access to the Presidential aides without having to go through Jody Powell. Whereas in other Administrations we've had to get clearance to talk to any honchos in the back, like chief of staff. So that's been pretty good.

"But Carter has developed this big thing about the Washington press corps and seems to think we do him in. You ought to read the prefaces to his out-of-town interviews. Most of them he starts out by saying how wonderful it is to be meeting with reporters and editors who *really* understand the issues of the country. He always says how much more interesting, more profound their questions are—how they get at the real guts of the thing.

"You'll find that while a lot of their questions are meaningful in terms of domestic and international issues, most of them are pretty parochial, but important things to them, like the Duluth grain strike. And at the end of those sessions he'd say, 'Now if you don't mind, I'd like to have a photograph with each of you.' *If you don't mind.* Nixon and Ford did the same thing, too. Always trying to leapfrog Washington. We always become the pariahs, the big bad wolves. Especially when the polls begin to fall. We're the culprits. Even though we are not the opinion makers and even though all of his formal news conferences have been on television, barefaced right on the screen. It's not a question of interpreting him—the American people can hear and see him for themselves. So this question of twisting his words is baloney. But he's developed a thing about us to a certain extent and gives us a wide berth."

I asked Thomas if she had experienced that personally.

"When he went to Camp David," she recalled, "we didn't see him for the twelve days he was there at the domestic summit. Then, on close to the last day, he had about fifteen reporters up there—all opinion makers, he thought. We were not invited. The wires always cover the President—landings and arrivals and departures, and always try to make sure the President's plane is safe and so forth. We were doing our usual traditional ritualistic duty. We were at Thurmont, Maryland, all through the whole domestic summit. But our photographers were never allowed to take one picture of any session of the 150 people who came up there.

"Then when the domestic summit ended and Carter was to deliver the big (so-called) energy speech on July 15, they actually wouldn't tell us when he was leaving Camp David. We got tipped off and got up there and our photographers decided to take a photograph of him with a long-lens shot. The command officer on the base (I call it a base because Camp David is an armed camp) flipped his lid and we were barred for a while from covering Carter at the base.

"Because we took that long-range photo without permission, they went bananas. For several weeks we could not get in. And all we could get into was a little gravel path where we can stand in a duck blind. We really looked like the Indians were coming! We peer over a stockade. We can see but we are not to be seen or heard and we watch the President's helicopter land. It's about 300 yards away—that's the closest we get. That's still true. After several weeks of penance, now they've let us come back and cover his arrivals and departures. But we always have to stand in the duck blind. In fact, they have an armed guard on us. It's really unbelievable.

"As for Jody, he has his mood changes. Temperamentally, they were on a big high when they won the election and things were going well. There was all kinds of joviality. They said we might cover Cabinet meetings. They said they might even let us eat in the cafeteria. None of that came true. Jody is the umbilical cord to the President and the alter ego. The President has said, 'I never have to tell Jody what to say,' so that has probably been his greatest asset to reporters. Because Jody speaks with such authority he really does speak for the President."

Don Irwin of *The Los Angeles Times* says, "Things have deteriorated. I think it was the Bert Lance thing that started it down. They began to realize what they could do to them-

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selves—the danger of self-inflicted wounds. Right now there is such an intense preoccupation with the state of the President's future that things have gotten very—tense is the wrong word. You can still get at Powell when you want to. You make a date to talk to him in his office. He is much, much more standardized than he used to be—more careful. But he is also a lot franker. For instance, this whole political thing—he is far more forthcoming on the state of Carter's politics when he is talking that way [in his office] than when he is talking for attribution on the podium, and for obvious reasons. And he is reasonably helpful.

"Jody gets tired. Jody works very hard. I will euphemistically say he sometimes plays pretty hard. Sometimes he comes in in pretty shabby shape. When he's in that shape he's likely to be irritable. This is human nature. He's a fairly ingenious fellow, and when he's feeling bad he will . . . his ingenuity will make him say things I'm sure he sometimes regrets."

What about Carter's going over the Washington press's heads to the boondocks press?

"Obviously they're doing it as hard as they can. To give the devil his due, one of the best sessions Carter has had with the working press was down in Tampa. It was very rough and it was a surprisingly good operation. Usually these things are patball. These were hinterland news executives and there was a guy named McMullan from *The Miami Herald* who really socked it to Carter, and he got some good answers. His manners were something less than usually accorded the President!*

"McMullan had a whole sequence of questions before a couple of others became emboldened. Usually this does not apply. Usually Carter waits for questions that are close to what he wants to say, then says it, whether the question is right on the mark or not, because he's dealing with a bunch of plumbers, as a rule."

Martin Tolchin of *The New York Times* says, "I think the usual paranoia has just set in. I've never worked in any other White House but I'm told there comes a time when the President feels he's being shafted and starts reciprocating and starts to think of ways of going over the heads of the White House correspondents, and that's where they're at."

Did he go over your head with the local press on the Mississippi trip, I asked.

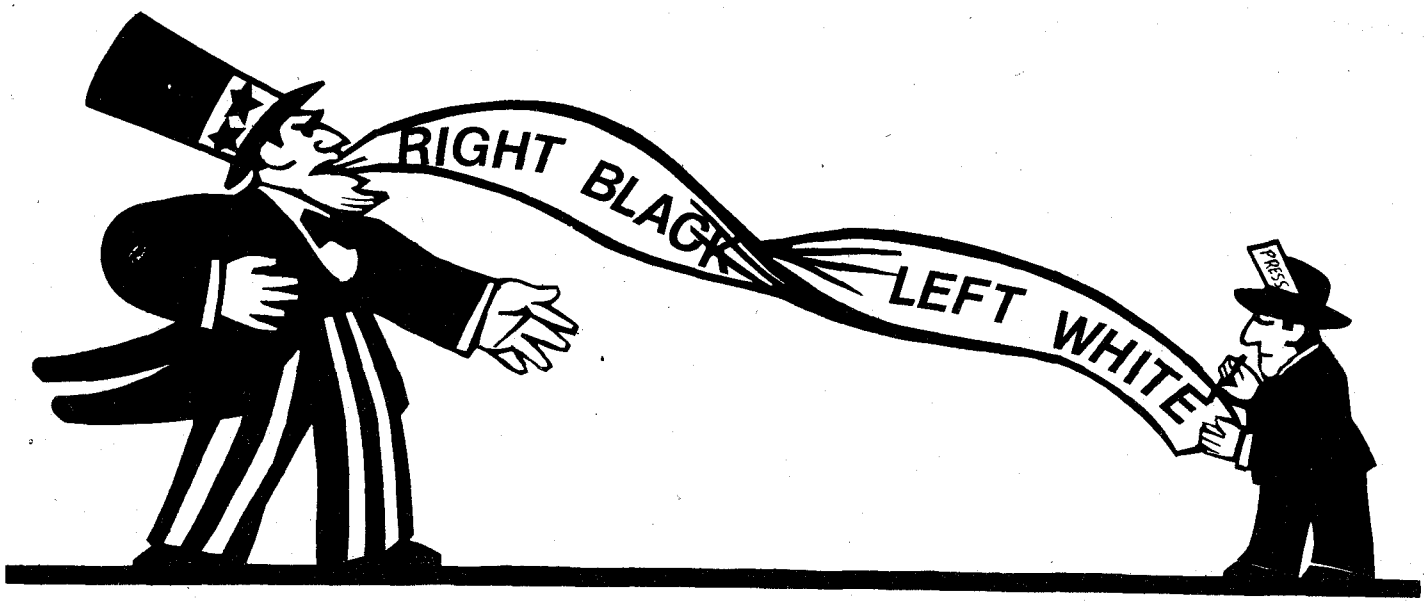
"Not really. We had pool representatives. What they've done as far as the White House press corps is concerned—first of all, they had this whole series of breakfasts, lunches, dinners, etc. with managing editors, editorial writers, so that Leonard Silk [*New York Times* financial page writer] got an interview with the President that the White House reporters couldn't get. You know that whole episode. Basically what that was was a dinner for maybe a dozen or fifteen editorial writers and newspaper executives. Then Leonard got to talk to him either before or after the dinner. That's what they're doing. Trying to go over our heads to the newspaper executives. It wouldn't bother me if we had the same access. If we could get to talk to him."

I asked Tolchin when the last time was that a regular White House reporter got to talk to Carter except on the decks of the *Delta Queen*.

"I really don't know," he said. "The last time I got to talk to him was the day Terry Smith and I arrived and he asked to see us. It was a 'welcome aboard' meeting, or maybe a little more expansive. I thought it would be just a presentation of credentials but we had a fifteen-to-twenty minute talk."

Tolchin says he finds the White House "the most frustrating beat I've ever had" and contrasted it with covering Congress: "When I did the Hill, there was just total access. There's nobody up there you can't get to talk to. If they don't want to talk to you, you go to their committee

*John McMullan, the fighting editor of *The Herald*, opened his cross-examination of Carter with the question/statement: "Mr. President, you got a lot of softballs to hit at your town meeting earlier tonight. One of the hardest—at least it was an attempt to be hard—came in the matter of kerosene sales by us to Iran. I wonder why you don't simply admit that you paid a little blackmail. Aren't we going to have to pay more of it? And what if the Arab nations really put the squeeze on us, how much blackmail are we willing to pay ? And will we go to war if necessary to get the oil we need?" Carter flushed, insisted that McMullan rephrase the question and omit the word "blackmail," but the intrepid Miamian pushed ahead in the same vein. Later McMullan would receive a handwritten note from Carter *still* complaining about the use of the word.



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hearing room or you go to the lunchroom or somewhere and catch them on the fly. You just can't do that at the White House. You have to wear those goddamn badges everywhere and you need an appointment to get into the Executive Office Building. You can't just walk the halls there.

"When I was doing a story on the Hill, if I was doing any kind of a significant story, I'd talk to let's say between six to eight or ten members plus a lot of staff people. When I do a significant story at the White House, if I have talked to two people it's a lot. It's a terrible admission but I'm speaking candidly. Sometimes I will talk to four or five people, but the way they're structured and the way the news problem is structured, it's just very, very difficult. I'll give you an example: last night at about 6 o'clock, somebody gave us a tip that Jordan was going to leave the White House. About four of us got on the phone and tried to check it out. I think the only person we could reach at the White House was Jody Powell. Now today my calls are coming back, and by the end of the day I'll have five or six calls back—if I'm lucky."

But no matter how touchy the White House press situation may be, it is still free of the psychotic surliness, even viciousness, that often surfaced in the Borgia era of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. So far, the Carter White House has not adopted the practice of wreaking vengeance on reporters who displease them. On this point, DeFrank's experience seems to be typical: "Every once in a while I get a call from Jody at 9 o'clock at night complaining about something. But I've never been threatened. Maybe once or twice in the past three years there have been times when Jody got mad about something *Newsweek* did and wasn't particularly helpful the next week. But I've never felt like I've been frozen out or punished deliberately." Sam Donaldson of ABC adds, "When I ask Powell a question, I don't always get an answer. In fact, more often than not, I do not get an answer. But I still get about the same as I've always gotten. I did a little profile on him a few weeks ago, a part of a quick crash series, which I don't think he liked, but on the other hand I detected no retribution, no freezing out, no 'we'll show this sonofabitch' attitude."

And so far the White House reporters have managed to avoid turning vengeful themselves in what is obviously an increasingly frustrating job. They even try, sometimes, to find excuses for the White House's bungling. Gene Risher of the Newhouse chain, for instance, thinks the Carter press operation is just dumb and clumsy, not malicious.

"Quite frankly," he says, "I have had trouble getting my telephone calls returned. I don't think they are very efficient over there. I just don't think they have a very good concept of what journalists who cover the place are trying to do. They aren't very sophisticated. They don't seem to realize that there is an adversary relationship but also that there is a broad area of compatibility, and that where you draw the line between the adversary relationship and the compatibility varies really with the news organization. The networks are not investigative people, for instance. They just want to get their cameras in there. The wires basically are not investigative people. Most White House press operations are rather sophisticated and take into account and know pretty much what every news organization is after and accommodate them insofar as—well, I just don't think they are as sophisticated as they should be, and they've had plenty of time to learn." □

'Flake'

(Continued From Front Cover)

drew Kopkind, in *The Village Voice*, insisted that Brown "can't be guilty of unprincipled behavior because he has no solid principles from which to deviate." Even on the comic pages the judgment is pronounced: the ever-smug Rick Redfern of "Doonesbury" not only believes that Brown is a "flake" but also that he cynically exploits media, serves only his own ambitions and mystifies critics with clever use of a special California language.

There are really two different kinds of criticism of Jerry Brown. Both are familiar in California. First there is the kind of ad hominem attack in the national media. Its essentials are (*1*) that Brown is a "flake," a "kook," or a "California crazy"; (*2*) that Brown manipulates the media; (*3*) that he is a triumph of symbol over substance, dazzling his constituents with "buzz-words" and images and symbolic rather than "real" governmental action, and (*4*) that he is unprincipled, faithless, cynical, committed only to his own ambition and the ego rewards that come with high office. These intimations of bad character in Brown come from writers and groups all across the political spectrum.

From the left comes the complaint that Brown has turned his back on the tradition of liberal reform and planned social change, abandoning especially the needful constituencies of the liberal Democrats—labor, the ethnic minorities, the poor, the elderly, the mentally and physically ill and the children in school. Some believe that Brown has ditched the traditional liberalism of the Democratic Party because it embarrasses his Presidential ambitions in these conservative times; others think that Brown is a right-winger at heart. Plenty of California liberals also subscribe to the "kook" diagnosis. The ferocity level rises highest in Sacramento itself and among the liberal Democrats and organized-labor lobbyists there.

The kook/flake charge is silly. Anyone who knows him at all or who has paid attention to his career these last five years laughs at any depiction of Brown as a mellowed-out, laid-back California narcissist and hedonist. Brown is uptight, controlled in manner. He doesn't use or understand Calspeak—that tongue so precisely and hilariously parodied in Cyra McFadden's *The Serial*. Neither does he discourse in Zen koans or medieval Latin. He is incredibly straight, almost dandyish in dress, almost never seen without a tie. Before the safari with Ms. Ronstadt, Brown's reticence about his personal life and the willingness of a couple of his rivals, notably Joe Alioto and Big Ed Davis, to use snicker-

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ing innuendo combined to give him an image not unlike that of Ferdinand the Bull. After Africa, his image became that of a leering billygoat. Actually, his views on sex and marriage are very straight, "boring, Irish-Catholic straight," as one of his oldest friends put it to a writer.

What puzzles people about Brown politically is his embrace of many of the ideas and policies associated with the left wing of the Democratic Party while acting as tight as any Republican with public money and sounding as bearish as, say, Ronald Reagan, on the chances of much good coming out of central bureaucracies. Throughout Brown's five years as Governor there has been no general tax increase in California. Neither have spending levels increased save for inflation. That means that the whole range of the state government's financial involvement with the poor, the elderly, the schools, the cities, the environment, transportation and the like has remained fixed at about the levels it had reached in the Reagan regime. But that doesn't mean there was no change in state government from Reagan to Brown. The tone of state government has changed under Brown. Different people with different priorities are in the command posts. Different interest groups (labor, consumers, minorities, women, environmentalists) have access to Governor Brown from those that had access to Governor Reagan (agribusiness, developers, highway interests).

Brown is loath to set down any list of "objectives" of his administration. He is not comfortable when a reporter asks him about his "vision" of the good society. Gray Davis, Brown's silken Ciceronian chief of staff, tries to express it by saying that "we" will have done what we set out to do if when we leave office Californians will have gained a new appreciation of the finiteness of our resources and the limits that this must set on our desires.

So to phalanxes of liberal to radical opinion, Brown is a "do-nothing" Governor. He is, in the familiar phrase, all style and symbols but no substance. Substance, for the liberals, would be action, energy, initiatives, programs, programs, programs—for unemployment, for the cities, for the environment, the poor, the blacks and Chicanos and the kids in school. Above all, the activist left wants programs aimed at what they call "structural change," that is, change in the basic arrangements of power in the society—drain power from the corporations and the rich, place power in the hands of the ordinary citizens and their own democratically run organizations. They won't get much of this from Brown. At least they won't get it in the form of systematic legislation.

Brown, it is clear, does not admire the Hamiltonian style in Chief Executives—the "bold," "energetic," "innovating," "chief legislator," of which F.D.R. was the real thing and Jack Kennedy merely the mock. To an interviewer, Brown insists that he really does believe in the separation of powers. He likes to say that he regards himself as a catalyst, as part of a process of resolution and decision rather than as the sole author of all action. Brown has an almost mystical belief in something he calls "the process," by which he seems to mean something remarkably like the pluralists' clash of interests mediated by government. To people schooled in the traditions of liberal Democratic activism, all of this appears as dereliction of duty or plain old Republican passivism. It is the foundation of the "symbols instead of substance" and "do-nothing Governor" charges.

Brown, quite naturally, demurs. He has an answer to the symbols-against-substantive-action complaint. Liberals, he believes, "often deal in shibboleths." Humphrey-Hawkins, which Brown supported, for example, is a shibboleth. "Does anyone think that it is a 'real' answer to unemployment?" he asks an interviewer. Or, "If I support increased appropriations for all kinds of special education programs then I am supposed to be taking real action. But who can still believe that giving more money to the education bureaucrats, to the same people who have been presiding over the decline of the schools, is going to reverse the process? Pouring money into programs you don't believe are working seems to me to be the essence of symbolic action."

Brown insists that many of what his critics call "merely symbolic gestures," on the other hand, are instead very real or substantive action. Recently, for example, he appointed the liberal black former Congresswoman, Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, to the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. "Another symbolic gesture," was the nearly universal response in California. "More Presidential politics," was the echo. Yet if anything was predictable, it was that Brown would appoint a woman or an ethnic minority representative. He has been appointing women, blacks, Chicanos and other "outsiders" to important positions since the day he took office, consistently and massively. It would have been a stunning surprise if Brown had appointed a white male politician. "Is Yvonne a 'mere symbol?'" he asks. "The L.A. Board is one of the most powerful governing bodies in the world. It has never had a woman or a black. Yvonne is a major black leader, a leading liberal. In appointing her I changed the board from one with a conservative majority to one with

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a liberal majority. I call that action, not symbols."

Brown makes the same claim for the most controversial of all his appointments, that of his friend and former Cabinet officer Rose Elizabeth Bird to be Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court. Ms. Bird has been an embattled Chief Justice from the day she moved to the bench. She had no judicial experience, enjoyed a modest legal career and was a tough and very political Secretary of Agriculture in Brown's Cabinet. Her appointment outraged conservatives, produced plenty of apprehension in the legal community and from the start sharply divided the court itself. She and the court were subjects of an unprecedented Commission of Inquiry growing out of charges that she or one of her allies on the court withheld an opinion detested by law-enforcement circles until Bird had won her hairbreadth public confirmation in November 1978.

Critics dismiss the Bird appointment as another of Brown's "symbolic gestures." A reporter asked Brown why he risked so much with the Bird appointment, wondered why he didn't appoint any of two or three quite distinguished liberal women already on the bench. That way he could have had the credit for putting the first woman on the Supreme Court without agitating the legal community. "You don't understand," he said, "any of those people you mention, while they are good lawyers, are members of the 'old boys club.' Rose is not one of the old boys. She has a different perspective. The courts are dominated by a single outlook, a well-to-do white male outlook, an upper-class outlook, if you will. We have to enlarge the outlook of the bench. Rose will do that. She will shake things up. That's why I appointed her and not just to get a woman on the court."

It is not only to the courts that Brown has directed his attention. He has been transforming the dozens of boards and commissions that regulate and monitor so much of the everyday activities of Californians. It would be tedious to enumerate all of the changes. The state Public Utilities Commission can serve as the most important example.

The P.U.C. was a product of the Progressive era and the administration of Gov. Hiram Johnson early in this century. In a familiar process, the commission became the captive of the very interests it was created to tame and regulate. But no longer. The five-member commission now is made up solely of Brown appointees. It is surely the best such body in the land. It couples pro-consumer and conservationist orientations with a sophisticated grasp of the utilities' problems. The utilities don't like the conservation regulations and some of the rate-setting innovations but they live with them, and prosper. It is fair to say that California is showing the way into the new energy environment even though, under Brown, it has turned away from further nuclear development. Brown has taken a lot of ridicule for his commitment to discovering and developing new, nonnuclear energy sources. But he looks better and better on this issue. Californians don't believe that it is kooky to think about solar, wind and other still more novel renewable energy sources. The California Republicans have tried linking these things to Brown's alleged "flakiness" and it has cost them.

California's tarnished farm-labor history was the backdrop for Brown's most significant legislative stroke, the Agricultural Labor Relations Act of 1975. The act virtually guaranteed that farm workers would at last be brought under collective bargaining. It also guaranteed that Cesar Chávez's United Farm Workers would be the main voice of organized farm labor. Big Agriculture has attacked the act and more especially the board set up to govern the whole representation process. Brown has successfully fought off several attempts to amend the act and has consistently protected the board from every attempt to gut it. Agribusiness spent a lot of money in 1978 to defeat Brown and Bird, who played so important a role in the passage of the act.

All along the line—air pollution control, transportation policy, forest conservation and the like, Brown administration people have been challenging major corporate interests in California. They don't always win. Sometimes they back down. But that they are involved in substantive action seems undeniable. Brown argues that all of this is the real action. What he calls "legislative laundry lists" and "ten-point programs" he dismisses as more symbolic than real, thus turning it around on his liberal critics.

Arguments that Brown is "unprincipled" tend to focus on three issues: Brown's failure to struggle seriously against the legislative override of his death penalty veto in 1977; his alleged "turnaround" on Proposition 13 in 1978, and his embrace of the movement to call a constitutional convention in order to get a balanced-budget amendment tacked on to the U.S. Constitution.

Brown has always said that he was opposed to the death penalty as "a matter of private conscience," but that as Governor he would honor his oath to uphold the law. Faced with a death penalty bill, he vetoed it swiftly, though without the brilliant polemic against death penalties his father had sent to the legislature nearly fifteen years earlier. Neither did Jerry Brown go to the whip to sustain his veto. It was overridden. Brown's critics taxed him for not having fought harder against the override and dismissed the veto as "another symbolic gesture." To a writer who asked about it, Brown said only that it was a matter of his conscience and that he didn't think he ought to use muscle on other people who had to vote and face their publics on the issue. To the same writer, Brown's then legislative aide, Tony Dougherty, amplified: "Liberals get furious when, say, 'right-to-lifers' seek to impose their views on abortion and ruthlessly punish politicians who don't toe the line. There were only a couple of people in both Houses we could have squeezed a little bit. But with no certainty that their positions would have changed. We didn't think that we ought to do it and above all not to Democratic liberals facing tough re-election fights." As it turns out, Brown was not damaged by his veto of the death penalty bill as much as he was among liberals for not trying to force a few legislators to vote to uphold his veto. But it is hard to see just what is "unprincipled" in either the veto or in Brown's refusal to pressure legislators to uphold it.

Proposition 13 stands, for most Americans, as the best evidence of Brown's unprincipled opportunism. Having led the fight against the initiative measure, repeatedly calling it a

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"rip-off" and a "snare," Brown, following the voters' overwhelming approval of Proposition 13, said that he "recognized" and "accepted" the decision and that he would return to Sacramento and give his full energy to the implementation of the property-tax-cutting measure. When Brown made this accession to the clear will of the voters, he was in political trouble, running even with or trailing the Republican nominee in the best state polls. That was June. By September, Brown had virtually obliterated any memory that he had once been the leading foe of Howard Jarvis and the Proposition 13 forces and had successfully identified himself with the "spirit of Proposition 13." He won by a landslide that November.

Brown argues that he did not do a "turnaround." He claims, correctly enough, that he has always stood for a lean or economical state government, that he has always sought to hold down government spending and has been more successful at it than Reagan was. Brown also claims, accurately, that he had tried to get a better property tax bill through before Jarvis came along but that it foundered in the legislature over his efforts to put a progressive feature into the property tax assessments. Brown's case is a good one in these matters. He was not a big-spending Democrat. He had been in favor of a property-tax-relief bill that would have given proportionately more relief to lower levels of income. He could not very well have said that he would refuse to recognize the landslide victory of Proposition 13 and, therefore, work to frustrate its implementation. His assumption of leadership in carrying out Proposition 13 does not, of itself, condemn him as "unprincipled."

It was the style that did him in. He skipped breathlessly to his tryst with middle-class resentment. Brown, this Laodicean man, turned into an almost simpering votary of the vile-tempered old reactionary, Jarvis. It was this style, marked by an all-too-characteristic avidity or shamelessness in Brown, that has led liberals to think of him as unprincipled. They may have the right to dislike the style but they are wrong in thinking of Brown as unprincipled.

From the pinguid embrace of Jarvis to advocacy of a convention to amend the U.S. Constitution is not a giant step. It is this willingness to ally himself with the unsavory folk calling for a convention to write a balanced-budget amendment that liberals finally detest most in Brown. The liberal imagination easily conjures visions of a conclave of fanatics, eyes glinting, lips tightened in stifled rage and resentment, joylessly gutting the Bill of Rights, prohibiting abortion, guaranteeing each person the right to arm himself to the teeth. That Brown, in pursuit of his ambition to be President, could countenance the calling of such a convention, was for liberals the final proof of Brown's irresponsibility or recklessness. Few, moreover, believed that Brown was even interested in balancing the Federal budget. Most assumed that he was simply trying to position himself to the right of Carter and Kennedy on the government spending issue, riding the "spirit of Proposition 13" to a higher position in the polls. That, of course, only made more heinous his willingness to risk the parade of horribles that the constitutional convention supposedly entails.

Brown, first of all, brushes aside the charge of "irresponsibility." He thinks that there are plenty of safeguards against the feared right-wing spasm of a convention. But he also doesn't think that a constitutional convention would have such a character. "That's just 'elitist democracy,'" he insists. "Elite democracy is the belief that only the highly educated and well-to-do elites have a real commitment to democratic values, while rank-and-file citizens are viewed as ever ready to junk the Bill of Rights, repress unorthodoxy, establish majority tyranny and so on. Why do so many liberals think that only people in the media and in government can be trusted with democratic liberties?" he adds. Brown, in fact, thinks that it would not be difficult to confine such a convention to the single topic of the balanced budget, but he is not certain that it ought to be confined to the one subject. Brown is surely right about "elite democracy," but he doesn't understand that a constitutional convention shouldn't be used as a safety valve for present discontents.

Brown is less certain of himself on the question of the balanced budget. As one might expect, he is at least as interested in the symbolic value of an amendment as he is in the possibility that a couple of balanced budgets in a row might stop inflation in its tracks. He knows that he has no solid evidence that unbalanced budgets "cause" inflation. He knows that there is no longer anything resembling a consensus among economists on causes and cures of inflation. Brown, in fact, has virtually ceased looking to the economists for clues about what must be done. "There is no 'managerial' solution," he says. It is going to take a political decision by the American people. He admits that right now the "people" can't make such a decision and, anyway, have no confidence in their ability to do so. He believes that that is where a balanced-budget amendment becomes important. "It would be a concrete step," he says. "It would be a sign that government had at least brought itself under control and was capable of moving in purposeful ways to stop inflation. That's the insidious thing about inflation. It spreads wide the sense of things being out of control. It feeds feelings of passiveness and helplessness. Someone has to get a grip on it because trust in government is melting away."

Brown has been saying these things for a long time, and practicing them as Governor. It is not some sudden cynical departure for him. The bedrock for these views is loss of faith in the capacity of government—large-scale, centralized, bureaucratic, modern government—to manage this society through planning.

Brown, then, is not kooky. He does manipulate or seek to manipulate the media. So, of course, do Kennedy and Reagan and Connally and Carter. Brown engages in symbolic communication quite regularly. But he can properly deny that he takes symbolic action only or that he is a do-nothing Governor. Brown is not unprincipled, and it is more than a little ironic that writers who find him to be too unprincipled even now beat the drum for a heavyweight championship bout between Ted Kennedy and Big John Connally. Brown is a public man with public ends. There is a clear and consistent pattern to his actions and statements. Two major ends

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stand out. He is committed to social, economic and political equality for blacks, Chicanos, women and others outside the mainstream. He is committed to the conservation of resources and the protection and enhancement of the physical environment. To achieve the second goal he believes that we must relinquish the cultural style of endless consumption and come to rely less on government.

But Jerry Brown is not ready to be President. He is not yet a political leader but only a rather popular political celebrity. A political leader lights up dangerous and unknown ground and leads a people across it. A leader gives shape and expression to the all but inarticulate yearnings of the people and shows them the way to a realization of what is yearned for. A leader builds a movement that will live on when the leader is gone. Being elected and re-elected are only conditions of leadership, not its definition.

Brown must disabuse himself of the notion that a Chief Executive is merely a catalyst, just another step in something called "the process." He must define problems and offer solutions. Brown must also clarify and certainly change his opposition to governmental planning. It is fun to be a gadfly and make jokes about planners and their execrable prose and their ten-point programs. But if we don't plan, what are we to do? Brown cannot believe that something like Adam Smith's invisible hand is going to lead us safely through a world of limited resources and technological overkill.

In the same vein, Brown must clarify his sense of elite and nonelite. To him, the crucial elites to be thwarted are managerial, professional and bureaucratic, the people he calls "mandarins." They are obnoxious all right, but they are paper tigers compared with corporate managers and owners. The real power hanging over us is the power of the great economic machine and its managers. They and not the mandarins of the bar, bench, universities and public bureaucracies would be more suitable targets for Brown, and much tougher.

Jerry Brown is estranged from much of what is established in America. He is iconoclastic. He is ready for departures, for new ways of doing things. But he is also estranged from the New Deal and from the liberalism of his father and his father's generation. He is bereft of their optimism about what government can do to solve or ease human dilemmas and agonies. When he comes to believe that something can be done and when he shares his convictions with the public, he will be on the way to political leadership. He will come close to doing what Pat Caddell once wrongly gave him credit for doing, for "making a new definition of American politics." □

SYMPOSIUM.

A Peace Israel Can Live With (Cont.)

We recently asked a group of Israeli intellectuals: "Under what conditions, if any, would the creation of an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip become acceptable to you? And how would you like to see political accommodation with the Palestinians come about?" Two responses appear below, and more will be published in coming weeks. (Note. We should point out that the views of contributors, past and future, to this Symposium, are their own and do not reflect organizations or publications with which they may be affiliated.)

—The Editors

Amos Kenan

My answer to your questions is made easier by virtue of the fact that since 1967, when the West Bank and Gaza Strip fell into Israel's hands, there has existed a consensus within the Israeli "peace camp" that has accepted a Palestinian state alongside Israel but not instead of it. The way to make this happen is for there to be negotiations between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization after Israel has recognized the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people, including the right to self-determination, and after the P.L.O. has recognized Israel's right to exist and the fact of its sovereignty and has ceased all hostile actions against it. Since this formula is becoming increasingly acceptable to enlightened world opinion, it is worthwhile examining closely the current situation, particularly since it is gradually changing and the change is not immediately apparent.

Not so long ago, there were bitter fights over who owned Palestine. The extremists on one side claimed there was no such thing as a Palestinian people, that the Palestinians were a creation of propaganda, an Arab tactic to secure world sympathy in order to destroy the state of Israel in the name of accepted and just standards.

The extremists on the other side claimed there was no such thing as a Jewish people, and even more vociferously, that there was no such thing as an Israeli entity; Judaism was termed a purely religious affair with no homeland. While it was true that the Jews had been in Palestine in the past, they had lost any rights to it. For 1,300 years the Palestinians held exclusive rights to Palestine until the Zionists, aided by international imperialism, dispossessed them from their homeland. The only solution was to return Palestine to the Palestinians.

Between the two extremes there were shadings of opinion. On the Israeli end of the spectrum, there were those who were willing to admit that even if there were no Palestinian people in the past and the Palestinian were in fact a modern political creation, a tactical weapon against Israel, the political situation was such that the problem could no longer be avoided. The Pales-

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tinians were a fact of life that could not be ignored.

A more moderate variant on the Palestinian side recognized the existence of a new generation of Israelis born in Palestine with inherently legitimate and universal rights that could not be ignored, even though tainted by the original sin of Zionism. There were some who accepted a formula by which all Jews who had been in Palestine until 1948 would be allowed to remain; others were prepared to extend the cutoff point even further, up to the present day, on condition that the Law of Return be forever abolished.

As in every political debate, both sides made use of truths as well as lies, arguments combining absolute justice and morality with *Realpolitik*, distorted statistics, vague and ambiguous international agreements, emotional blackmail as well as brutal displays of force. Very few people on either side, including the most enlightened among them, were prepared to accept that the legitimacy of existence requires no proof but is a given, undeniable fact and the heart of the entire dispute.

I do not know if I am a typical Israeli, if there is such a thing. I do not know if my feelings and sense of belonging can be rationally justified. I really do not care. I do know, however, that Eretz Israel—the Land of Israel—Palestine—is my country.

By the same token, it is clear to me, without having to exercise my moral sense or imagination, that every Palestinian wherever he is has a full right to Palestine. I have a right to Tel Aviv and Nablus, to Haifa and Jericho and Gaza and Ramat Gan, just as a Palestinian has an absolute right to Tel Aviv and Jaffa, to Jerusalem and Gaza, to Haifa and to every place in Palestine. The trouble is that in a world in which people feel most secure within the framework of nationalism, there are two equally legitimate rights in conflict. Nevertheless, and despite the cruel, bloody battle between these two nations, there is a realistic solution available and within reach.

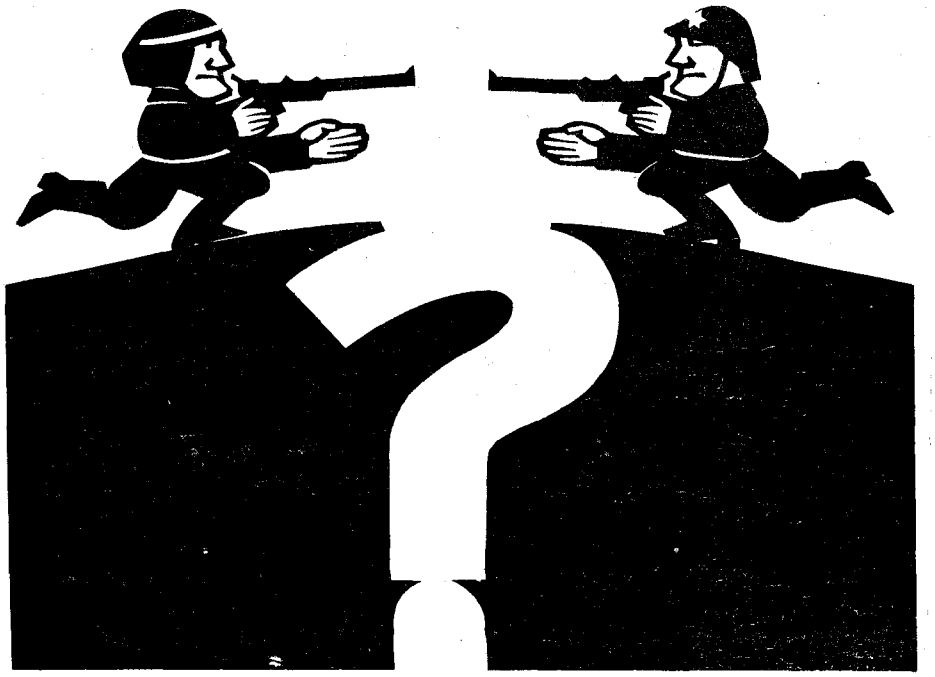
The state of Israel has not done well by its Arab minority. In the chronicle of mutual blame and injustice, what was done to the Arabs of Israel by the Jewish state is shocking. From the early years of the state, most of the arable land was taken from the Arabs by various means. Areas once heavily populated by Arabs are now Jewish population centers. The Arab farmers of Israel, whose land was taken, were deracinated and transformed into the working class of the state of Israel. Discriminatory policies on the part of Israel toward its Arab minority continued until the Six Day War and even after. The Arabs today are second-class citizens in all respects and their bitterness modulates their sense of belonging. There can be no doubt that many, if not all, today view the P.L.O. as their legitimate representative in solidarity with their Arab brothers on the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Along with the Palestinian refugees in Jordan and Lebanon, they comprise the Palestinian problem that Israel must come to terms with in one way or another.

Nevertheless, there is a new spiritual reality which few have noticed or commented upon—a Jewish-Arab dialogue—which gives hope for the future. On both sides there has risen a generation which has been forced, if only for lack of any alternative, to recognize the other. Even in a chain of injustice there exists a positive dialectic. The Israeli reality mixes both peoples and makes each dependent on the other; the life of one is impossible without the other. Conquerors and the conquered have mixed before in history. Life continues after every holocaust. After every tragedy a new generation is born. No injustice is eternal, and no right is eternal. Every reality must change. Today, there are young Israeli Jews for whom the Arab community in Israel is an existing fact: entirely comprehensible, a part of their life. To them it is clear that an Arab from Wadi Ara or Galilee belongs to this country, and that both he and his village are part of the spiritual gestalt called "homeland."

Today, there are educated young Arabs for whom the Jewish society is part of their life. Even though they are Palestinian Arabs, dedicated to preserving their national heritage, loyal to the national aspirations of their people, the Jewish community in Palestine is still part of their spiritual gestalt called "homeland." Today, a Jewish poet and an Arab poet can agree, over and above the national dividers between them, that each is a part of the other; that if Tel Aviv disappeared, part of their homeland would no longer exist; that if the Arab village disappeared, part of the homeland would be gone.

This is a new spiritual reality, born of a contradiction, a paradox that became a political truth, a real fact. We should pay attention to this. We should pay attention to the fact that neither side can turn the clock back since we are moving forward, though not always according to the rules of justice or logic.

The immediate question confronting Israel and the P.L.O. is who will be the first to recognize the other. It really does not matter who goes first, despite the domestic political and tactical importance of the question to both sides, and the yearning of each side to be the first to secure recognition from the other. Israel simply cannot ignore the P.L.O., having contributed to its existence. The P.L.O. cannot pretend that Israel does not exist. Mutual recognition is natural,



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logical, simple and overdue; its official expression is only a matter of time. What pain, what sacrifice.

Many bombs will continue to explode in Jewish marketplaces. Many bombs will continue to fall on Palestinian refugee camps. A political consensus is not created overnight but must painfully evolve. Hatred has an inertia and logic all its own. Mutual fear is stronger than rationality, and recognition of the truth is always a slow process. Nevertheless, Israelis and Palestinians are already meeting. There is an Israeli peace camp. It is not big, nor does it represent a majority, but it is there. And there is a Palestinian peace camp. And there is an international consensus that is pushing both sides hard to talk.

There are still dangers, of course—the Arab rejectionists, the policies of the Begin Government, the settlements, and the provocations of Gush Emunim. But it is very possible that the extremists on both sides are unintentionally working to speed up the moment of decision. The creation of a Palestinian state alongside Israel and in peace with it as a result of negotiations between the Government of Israel and the P.L.O. is a virtual certainty. It is written in the stars. □

Yitzhak Ben-Aharon

There is much emotional heat and rather feeble light generated around the Palestinian issue. The basic facts are drowned out by the noises of the propaganda war. The official proclamations of both the Begin Government of Israel and the Arabs' spokesmen have contributed to the obfuscation of the real issues.

Let us therefore assemble in a rational order the underlying facts and problems demanding adequate solutions:

(*1*) The so-called Palestinian Arab problem is not made up solely of the Palestinian Arabs located east and south of Israel on the West Bank and Gaza Strip. The major and most pressing component lies in the mass of refugees in Lebanon, Syria and Jordan.

(*2*) At this juncture I must emphasize that the refugee status of these people has been maintained for thirty years for purely political reasons. Tens of millions of refugees, including the Jewish refugees from the Holocaust and from Arab and Moslem countries, have been absorbed and resettled. The Palestinian Arabs have been kept in refugee camps throughout those thirty years, although they live in countries with small indigenous populations endowed with vast economic and territorial capacity.

(*3*) As a former part of Mandatory Palestine, the state of Jordan is demographically and politically a Jordanian-Palestinian state. Approximately 40 percent of the population—about 900,000 people in all—of West Palestinian origin have been divested of their refugee status and accorded full citizenship within the Jordanian nation.

(*4*) Any peaceful political solution must consequently take into account three basic groups: the Palestinian Arabs making up about half of the state of Jordan, the mass of refugees barred from resettlement and absorption in their host countries, and the occupants of the densely populated areas of the West Bank and Gaza.

(*5*) Israel already harbors a minority of about 450,000 Arabs and Druzes. The annexation of an additional million Palestinian Arabs would transform it into a binational state. This is totally alien to the idea of a Jewish nation dedicated to the ingathering of the exiles and to the comprehensive historic resolution of the "Jewish problem."

(*6*) The establishment of the West Bank and Gaza as a homeland or state for the Palestinian Arabs would mean the exclusion of the refugee population, because the West Bank-Gaza areas have no room for them. Moreover, it would drive a wedge between Palestinian Arabs and Jordanian-Palestinian Arabs. The fundamental fact to be kept in mind is that the nearly two million Palestinians who today live west and east of the Jordan River make up the demographical and political basis for a Jordanian-Palestinian state.

Upon these bedrock realities are founded two inescapable propositions. First, the contemplated annexation of more than one million Arabs from the West Bank and Gaza to Israel adulterates on the one hand the very essence of the Jewish state of Israel and on the other prevents—by force of arms—the creation of an objective Palestinian entity on both sides of the Jordan.

Second, a new Palestinian state, wedged in between Israel and Jordan, would fragment the Palestinian people into several artificial entities. Such a state offers no solution whatsoever to the refugee problem, and would degenerate in no time into an irredentist terrorist base against both Israel and Jordan.

The objective, clean and rational solution lies, therefore, in adherence to the principle proclaimed by the United Nations and accepted by Israel, but ill-advisedly rejected by the Arabs, i.e., the partition of the old-time mandatory area on both banks of the Jordan into a Jewish state and a Jordanian-Palestinian Arab state. As the problem is carried forth into the 1980s, the fundamental approach to the two-state formula becomes even more lucid and compelling. It is not for us to specify the kind of relationship that should develop between Jordanians and Palestinians but there can be no doubt that with the opening of the vast reserves of territory in Jordan to the resettlement of these refugees—who will prefer it—the solid Palestinian majority within that Greater Jordanian-Palestinian state would guarantee their national aspirations.

Even if the hostile parties do accept that approach to a final end to the conflict and as a basis for a lasting and comprehensive peace, a bundle of highly complex issues will remain to be negotiated. Foremost among them are the borders between the states, for which no precedent exists; mutual security arrangements; demilitarization of the West Bank and Gaza and last, if not least, the status of Jerusalem. This last problem is not so insurmountable as it might appear today amid the hue and cry of religious and mythical pronouncements that obscure the possibility of religious and municipal autonomies within a united Jerusalem. It is always hard to predict what sort of new psychological relationships will emerge, but given a state of peace between the nations, in due course distrust and animosity will evolve into a reality of cooperation, mutual help and good will.

To sum up: A bilateral solution of the territorial and demographical conflict must be sought that will lead eventually to full cooperation in many fields, not excluding, at some later stage, confederation between the Jewish and the Jordanian-Palestinian states. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Rise of Chaim Yankl

MARK SHECHNER

OLD LOVE. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 273 pp. $9.95.*

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER: The Magician of West 86th Street. *By Paul Kresh. The Dial Press. 441 pp. $14.95.*

Instead of venturing an estimation of Isaac Bashevis Singer's eighth volume of stories, one might just as well reprint some review of an earlier collection and change the names, so nearly identical are his stories in subject, mood and outlook. In *Old Love*, as in practically every novel and volume of stories since *Satan in Goray*, Talmudic scholars pore over their tracts by day and surreptitiously open the Zohar and dream of women's breasts at night; ghetto philosophers ponder the mysteries of Creation and invoke Spinoza or Rashi or Isaac Luria to explain God's inscrutability; anxious vegetarians dream of blood—chicken blood, menstrual blood, the blood of martyrs—and lament the fate of domestic animals in this slaughterhouse of a world, and dybbuks, demons, imps, witches and assorted lesser spirits possess, bewitch and screw up anyone who shows the remotest hint of spiritual or sexual susceptibility. Such mischief is all very provocative, and yet it palls, and one has to take frequent breaks from dutifully reading and appreciating Singer to rub the eyes, massage the neck and restore circulation to the brain.

In short, I'm not wholly charmed by this new book, and I imagine that Singer himself has grown a little weary of this private universe—this superimposition of the ghetto upon the spirit world—that he has cultivated so fervently for some forty-five years. The stories in *Old Love* repeat many of the familiar Singer formulas about the power of the erotic in human life and the irrationality of the universe, but without the extremity of example that used to cause some of his readers, largely the Yiddish-speaking readers of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, to recoil in dismay, while prompting others to hail him as a modernist. The lurid and Gothic imagination that once made Singer a renegade to the Yiddish tradition of skepticism and compassion has lately been softened to the point where he now looks like a slightly deranged devotee. There is something a little tedious about *Old Love*, and I wonder how many other readers will share my experience of reading the book on a Saturday and finding themselves scarcely able to recall a line of it on Sunday.

It might be well, then, to skip the details of *Old Love*, which anyone acquainted with Singer can almost supply for himself, and use this opportunity to take up some issues raised by Singer's career as a whole, since the career itself now looms larger than any of Singer's books, even all of them together. With the Nobel Prize under his caftan along with a host of lesser honors, twenty books to his credit (not counting children's books), and two more promised within the year, a staff of translators working busily on his backlog of Yiddish writing, and now a biography by Paul Kresh, Singer is no longer just an impish teller of tales about an exotic Eastern European culture or a quaint remnant of a world that is no more. He is an American success story, a combination celebrity and industry, whose cachet at the moment is rivaled only by his fellow Jewish writers, Saul Bellow and Norman Mailer, both of whom lag behind him in sheer productivity.

Certainly, nothing in Singer's stories is any more remarkable than Singer himself. Any reasonable prognosis of his eventual standing just twenty years ago would have allowed him no more than a footnote to American fiction as a museum piece of ethnic writing: a Yiddish equivalent to the authors of slave narratives or the Native American informant of *Hanta Yo*. Consider all that he has going against him. He writes exclusively in Yiddish, a language whose expressive range was severely limited by the experience of the Ashkenazi diaspora, and whose native virtues, a homely pungency and rich inflections of irony, have no English equivalents. The readers who can still appreciate him in the original are almost wholly confined to the 70,000 subscribers to the *Jewish Daily Forward* and a handful of Yiddish readers in Buenos Aires. The world of the Polish Hasidim upon which he draws for most of his material no longer exists except in fragile communities in Israel and Brooklyn (or perhaps in tiny, frightened enclaves in Russia and Argentina) and might well be considered a subject better suited to *National Geographic* than to Nobel Prize-winning fiction.

Singer is, moreover, mainly an anecdotalist and storyteller rather than a contemporary novelist, and has never written a completely satisfactory long novel. His best efforts, *Satan in Goray* and *The Magician of Lublin*, are essentially novellas. And his imaginative angle on life is both extremely narrow and, it seems, not very clearly thought through. He is not an intellectual so much as a folksy homilist who, in the style of his own bedeviled characters, tends to get things wrong. Indeed, anyone who has looked into the flood of interviews Singer has granted over the past ten years and been uninspired, as I have been, by his *haimish* opinions on everything from Hegel and Kant to fiction and physics may be inclined to wonder if he knows what he's talking about on any subject at all.

But to assume that all this had to work to Singer's disadvantage is to mistake a fundamental dimension of American culture. Namely, that our literary culture in this century has no center: neither a fixed, dominant style of writing nor a central history nor an uncontested regional flavor nor any given articles of faith that determine who shall make a successful career. While there are pivotal schools, journals and circles of influence that maintain a measure of inner coherence, the larger picture is too unstable to permit a writer to work his way to the top simply by making the correct moves. The case seems to be that American literary culture is so pluralistic and so self-conscious about the trends that do emerge that it is ever sensitive to voices calling in from the margins. From the start, Singer was strategically located for a major strike on the literary heartland by being so far out on the wings, and the fact that it took him so long to arrive is not nearly so remarkable as the fact that, the Yiddish-speaking community excepted, he has

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encountered so little opposition.

Of course, it took Singer himself to engineer the strike, and we ought not misunderstand what kind of man he is. The image we may tend to form of him —the devilish *Chaim Yankl* with the homely platitudes and Yiddish witticisms for the mavens of culture, who looks like a cross between your Grandpa Max and the pigeon man of Riverside Park and who regales the Hadassah ladies with tales of the *shtetl* while scheming to make time with their daughters—is not altogether inaccurate, though it scarcely does him justice. Singer is not a man for snuggling up to; he is as fierce and determined a writer as there is in America, and his tireless outpouring of stories, novels and memoirs is an index of his single-mindedness. However one regards his writing at this point, one has to be a little stupefied by his sheer capacity to perform, even into his 70s. Here, if anywhere, is a model of the will fully harnessed to a sense of mission, to which Singer's insistent talk of dybbuks and demonic possession is not irrelevant, since he does give the illusion of being a vehicle for energies that could scarcely be his own. I find it convenient to think of Singer working under the direction of impersonal forces, so passionate and yet mechanically redundant is his fiction, especially the short stories. Though there may not be dybbuks in this world or any other, it is reasonable to invoke them in Singer's case as metaphors for the imagination. What is indisputable is that Singer's compulsion and the figures that haunt his imagination are of a piece; at the heart of his fiction, beneath the layers of folk myth, globalized eroticism and cabalistic lore, is Singer's homage to some very archaic forms of energy.

It is this glorification of energy and will, of which heightened sexuality is a part, that separates Singer from the Yiddish literary tradition and takes him dangerously close to someone like Nietzsche, though Singer would assuredly deny such a resemblance. But this may be what Irving Howe had in mind some years back in referring to Singer as a "modernist," though one could just as easily call him a primitivist and account for the same element in his writing. While Singer comes at the end of the Yiddish line, his voice belongs to the very beginning, as if he were the ancestor of Mendele, Isaac Peretz and Sholom Aleichem rather than their descendant.

One source of this archaism is the history of Polish Jewry itself. As Ruth Wisse has noted in an essay in *Commentary* earlier this year, the Hasidic community of rural Poland into which Singer was born "experienced the Enlightenment, the *haskalah*, much later and with greater suddenness than did similar communities of Russia and Lithuania, where so many Jewish writers had originated," and she quotes Singer himself to the effect that "the Enlightenment as a mass movement came to Poland with World War I, and because of its delay and momentum, assumed almost epidemic proportions. The revolution in Russia, the arrival of the Germans and the Austrians, the creation of the Polish Republic, the Balfour Declaration—all this had a simultaneous impact. Processes that elsewhere lasted several decades here transpired virtually overnight."

Even though the Singer family left the *shtetl* of Leoncin for Warsaw when Isaac was only 4, the cultural influences to which he was exposed were initially limited by the insularity of Krochmalna Street, which was essentially a *shtetl* transported to a city. As Singer recollects in his novel, *Shosha*, "I was

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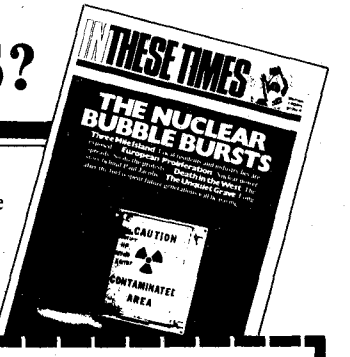

Capitalism is the unspoken reality of American politics. That is one thing the major parties agree upon: praise capitalism (not too often and preferably by another name) but don't discuss it. Preclude serious discussion of the central reality of our times.

This is to be expected. The major parties are committed to the capacities and limits of the system. It is their job to keep corporate capitalism "above" politics. It remains to be seen whether the Democratic and Republican parties will succeed in keeping corporate power out of the political arena. If they do they will only be doing their job—and socialists will *not* be doing theirs.

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brought up on three dead languages—Hebrew, Aramaic and Yiddish, and in a culture that developed in Babylon: the Talmud. The *cheder* where I studied was a room in which the teacher ate and slept, and his wife cooked. There I studied not arithmetic, geography, physics, chemistry, or history, but the laws governing an egg laid on a holiday and sacrifices in a temple destroyed two thousand years ago."

But a writer is not the sum of his influences, and the identical background also produced Singer's older brother, novelist I.J. (Israel Joshua) Singer, whose writing was substantially different: realistic, socially oriented (he was even for a time an ardent Marxist) and sympathetic to the efforts of modernizers such as Peretz to bring the Jews into contact with Western ideas and values. Finally, Singer is a writer who has chosen his obsessions and routines out of, he would say, a passion for them.

Though Singer is usually celebrated as a master storyteller, it is a characteristic of his stories of late that they slip easily from the mind and leave the reader with only a generalized image of their background of superstition and myth. By myth I mean a fund of theory and folklore that unites and interprets an entire world and lends a wholeness of meaning and value to disparate events. The prevailing myth in Singer's writing refers everything back to the small, humble world in which his imagination took root, and events, no matter how distant in the Ashkenazi diaspora—Brazil, Israel, Montreal, West 86th Street—unite his characters with the magical world of the Polish Hasidim. Tel Aviv or Rio de Janeiro are no more than Warsaw or Krochmalna Street: remote ghettos where Jewish life, governed by the spirit world, goes on as before, and if Singer's Jews should ever get to the moon, they will find the unholy ghosts of Bilgoray, Leoncin and Radzymin lying in wait behind the nearest crater.

That Singer's version of the Old World should be received with mixed feelings in the Jewish community stands to reason, and one may gauge the temper of the resistance to him from remarks made by a young Jewish historian, Leon Wieseltier, who spoke for many Jews when he complained last year in *The New York Review of Books* that in Singer's romances of disorder, transgression and apostasy there is "not a word . . . of what was surely the most unlikely and daring Jewish adventure of all—the life in *halakha* [rabbinic legal tradition] of allegiance to the law in even the direst adversity, of individuals and communities fired by tradition's discipline and willing to remain steadfast unto death." Singer, I should venture, looks upon the *halakha* with a good deal more affection than Wieseltier grants, though it is true that the animating spirit of his fiction is that of revolt, and that any positive sanction he gives to the stoic pietism of the rabbinic tradition is largely a backdrop before which his hectic voluptuaries perform their antics. Singer himself has said in one of his interviews that he feels a "deep resentment" against the Almighty and that "my religion goes hand in hand with a profound feeling of protest." But this protest is itself culturally authorized, and it is not simply Singer's revolt that drives his fiction but *the tradition of revolt* in which he was schooled by Hasidism on the one hand and the semipagan animism of the Polish *shtetl* on the other, and it is within this context of the tradition of Jewish protest, the very founding spirit of Hasidism itself, that Singer's writing needs to be understood.

It is taken for granted that Singer's demonic fantasies reflect his immersion in cabalistic texts and his fascination with mystical and apocalyptic movements—such as those led by Jacob Frank and the false Messiah, Sabbatai Zvi—and the early history of Hasidism itself. Yet the full force of Singer's learning in these matters seldom comes through in his books. If Singer is the Gershom Scholem of fiction and is trying, like Scholem, to restore to Jewish history its suppressed visionary tendencies, his approach is nonetheless quite different from Scholem's. I am no expert in these matters but it is my impression that Singer looks to such homely sources as the Yiddish *bubbe meise* (roughly "old wives' tale") for what Scholem takes from more conventional historical material, and that where Scholem researches the intellectual history of the Jews, Singer has been pursuing the rich vein of sentiment and superstition that underlies but is not identical with doctrinal currents of thought, a tradition of lore that always contradicted and put up resistance to *halakha*.

The cultural antagonism that Singer observed in his own family between his father's Hasidism and the more formal orthodoxy of his mother's family, the Misnagdim or anti-Hasids, would appear to explain at least a portion of Singer's own polarities. At the heart of such a family drama lay a struggle deeply rooted in the history of Ashkenazi Jewry itself, between the rabbinic faith in ethical monotheism and the culture of pure pagan animism that was the folk religion of the Yiddish world and was always at war with the rabbis. The various mystical and enthusiastic currents that swept the Jewish world from the twelfth century on could never have gained the status of movements unless they were nourished by wellsprings of pagan myth that chafed under the yoke of rabbinic authority. If such be the case, then what one sees in Singer is the final flowering of the folk resistance to *halakha*, and if this insurgent universe now seems archaic to us, that is because the values it upheld were swept asunder in recent times, along with the rabbinic tradition itself, by the more potent historical currents that go collectively by the name of modernity. Where Singer found this lore, in the villages of rural Poland, it was already on the verge of extinction.

This is all very suppositious on my

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part, but while I'm on the path of wild surmise I want to propose one more level of supposition. If in fact Singer represents the rebellious pagan side of the Jewish imagination that was never integrated into the rabbinic tradition or successfully eradicated by it, then what one encounters in his books may well be a vestige of the long-forgotten tribal past of the Ashkenazi Jews. That being the case, we might want to reconsider some aspects of the Khazar theory of the provenance of the Eastern European Jewish communities, recently popularized by Arthur Koestler though rather vehemently attacked by historians. (In *The Thirteenth Tribe*, Koestler proposed that the provenance of the Jews of Eastern Europe was not the Diaspora from the Holy Land but the Khazar, a nomadic tribe of the Russian steppes that converted to Judaism in the eighth century.) One needn't take Koestler's version of that history at full value to be sensitive to elements of the Jewish religious imagination that have no sanction in the holy books and for which one has a good deal of difficulty accounting except by reference to the "influence of the surrounding peasants," which, to my way of thinking, is an insufficient way of explaining deep and pervasive dimensions of Jewish thought.

At this point, a book on Singer that is prepared to raise questions of this sort is what we really need, and Paul Kresh's biography is anything but that. To be sure, Kresh worked under the decided disadvantage of having to depend almost wholly on Singer and his relatives and friends for direction and information. Having thus surrendered any claim upon his own point of view, Kresh had little choice but to take dictation, the result being an assembly of quotations interleaved with endless plot summaries and a chronology of events, many of which have no interest for the average reader. Kresh's book is one of those products of this age of the portable tape recorder that tells us everything in order to explain nothing. Kresh follows Singer to Bard College for a seminar, to the Hebrew University's Golden Jubilee Tribute Dinner in Westchester County to receive the S.Y. Agnon Gold Medal, to the Society for the Advancement of Judaism for something, to the Y.M.H.A. on 92nd Street to discuss his ideas of God, to the Bronx Zoo for a meditation on animals, to Stockholm for the Nobel Prize. In the process, Kresh stays busy enough to keep from breaking into thought.

As a result, anyone who is already familiar with Singer's writing will find little here that is not already available, in a far more animated and vivid idiom, in Singer's own abundant memoirs, or in Irving Buchen's thoughtful book on Singer, *Isaac Bashevis Singer and the Eternal Past*. The reader who is new to Singer may, however, find Kresh's book a convenient introductory guide to the writer's career, though again I can't help thinking that he too would do better to head right to the source, especially Singer's two volumes of sketches about his childhood in Warsaw: *In My Father's Court* and *A Day of Pleasure*. As Singer himself tells Kresh and as the latter dutifully reports: "I can't understand why people should want to eat 'stale bread' when they can get the fresh product straight from the baker himself." Indeed. □

Words Into Dance

FRANCIS MASON

DIAGHILEV. *By Richard Buckle. Illustrated. Atheneum. 616 pp. $16.95.*

MY THEATRE LIFE. *By August Bournonville. Translated and annotated by Patricia N. McAndrew. Illustrated. Wesleyan University Press. 736 pp. $37.45.*

These two lives of theater persons, Diaghilev and Bournonville, both crucial to the art of ballet, come close to disproving the old lament that no number of words will give us the dance. Bournonville made dances. Many of them survive a hundred years after his death in the repertory of his Royal Danish Ballet. Diaghilev, though a trained musician with an uncanny eye, made nothing; he was a matchmaker: his Ballets Russes in twenty years of collaborations between ascendant dancers, painters and composers established the world's first museum of modern art. Fifty years after his death in 1929, the fine and performing arts still wish to be shown in the theater-gallery he left behind.

The Diaghilev connection is still with us. Balanchine, who became his last balletmaster at 20, made, with Prokofiev and Rouault in 1929, the *Prodigal Son* now popular on television with Baryshnikov. Lincoln Kirstein, a tourist in Venice that same summer, came upon Diaghilev's funeral. He brought the torch, and Balanchine, to America four years later. In 1979, the Joffrey Ballet and Rudolf Nureyev have tried to reanimate earlier, period rooms of the Diaghilev museum: *Petrouchka*, *Le Spectre de la Rose*, *Afternoon of a Faun*, *Parade*. Diaghilev, we know from this book, would have been horrified: "Why do you care about yesterday?" he once asked a young composer.

The Bolsheviks after the Revolution invited Diaghilev to return and run the arts in Russia. They knew what they were about; Diaghilev's knowledge of Russia's past artistic achievement in music, painting, literature and dance was better than anyone's but yet he cared most about tomorrow. In the early years of this century in exhibitions, in his magazine *The World of Art* and on the staff of the Imperial Theatre, he educated his fellow Russians on their own artistic heritage. He then roused Paris, took there Russian painting, *Boris Godunov* with Chaliapin, and finally his new ballet. Diaghilev's Russia triumphed in the West. Back home, before his departure with *Boris*, the Empress said: "Couldn't you find anything more boring to take them?" Diaghilev took them the final revolutionary scene of Mussorgsky's opera. Years later, in New York, he told reporters: "We were all revolutionists . . . when we were fighting for the cause of Russian art and . . . it was only by chance that I escaped becoming a revolutionist with other things than color and music." The ballet he brought to Paris would have been rejected by the Czar; it was never acceptable to Soviets in his lifetime.

Diaghilev chose to remain abroad, where he remained cut off from the talent emerging from Russia. Years earlier, he had written his stepmother: "First, I'm a great charlatan, albeit a brilliant one; second, I'm a great charmer; third, a great lout; fourth, a man with a great deal of logic and with few principles; and fifth, it would seem, untalented. Anyway, it does seem, if you like, that I've found my real objec-

Francis Mason, assistant director of The Pierpont Morgan Library, talks about dance on WQXR six days a week.

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tive—art patronage. Everything is available except money." And the rest of the world except Russia. This quotation, not from the book under review but from "Background to Diaghilev" by Debra Goldman in the American magazine *Ballet Review* (Volume 6, No. 3, 1977-78) reminds us of the worlds he knew he had to conquer. In Europe he gardened for the real talent, too, persuading the composers Debussy, Strauss and Stravinsky in one year to write music for his favorite, Nijinsky. Next he turned to Picasso for designs for Leonide Massine, Nijinsky's successor. He put together all the ascendant names: Ravel, de Falla, Derain, Braque; he listened to everybody's music, Cole Porter's in Venice, Gershwin's in Paris ("good jazz and bad Liszt"). Weary of the old *Scheherazade* he had mounted with Fokine and Bakst in his youth, he tried in 1928 to persuade Matisse to design a fresh one. He thrived on public scandal—not only the fist fights in the audience at the premiere of the Stravinsky-Nijinsky *Rite of Spring* in Paris but on the possibility of riots in Kansas City, Missouri. Captain Ennis of the police told the *Kansas City Star*: "I dropped in to see Dogleaf before the curtain went up. . . . This is a strictly moral town and we won't stand for any of that highbrow immorality. Put on your show but keep it toned down." *Scheherazade* laid them in the aisles till 6:50 P.M. at the matinee.

In the twenty years from 1909 that Diaghilev led the world avant-garde, he produced sixty-eight ballets; eight times out of ten they were successes. Fokine, influenced by Isadora Duncan, developed under Diaghilev into the major choreographer he would never have become if trapped at the Maryinsky; Stravinsky had his first theater opportunities and Nijinsky became an innovative choreographer as well as a great dancer. After Nijinsky, the succession of Massine, Nijinska and Balanchine led the wave of the future. Diaghilev's hunches were usually right; his heart did not rule his head: though he would crown boy favorites with laurels, they were designed to produce the next useful work.

Richard Buckle's more than 600 pages give incredible detail on Diaghilev. Buckle, who became Britain's finest ballet critic after World War II, has been in search of Diaghilev since the early 1950s, when he staged an exhibition on the Russian's achievement at the Edinburgh Festival. Unfortunately, Buckle has yet to visit Russia and search out the background to Diaghilev's childhood, boyhood and youth, where a pattern was set and where details of mere cousinage are not enough for a portrait. What was it, after all, that drew people to a young man who became a chubby monocled creature? Only two sentences in this book tell us: Kenneth Clark's being struck by Diaghilev's "physical potency" when he met him late in his life, and the artist Benois speaking of "a jolt of that superb force of will which always has such a beneficial effect on me." The public life is here; the private remains behind the curtain. Where Diaghilev, no doubt, would have preferred it to stay. Last winter in New York, I met Anton Dolin, another of Diaghilev's great favorites, who was outraged at a play he had seen here about the impresario: "They portray Diaghilev like a roué, a drunken sot. He was nothing of the sort. He was faultless in his manners, always the gentleman, indeed, a prince."

Ballet has a family history; everyone is connected; Diaghilev has a link with Bournonville through Fokine. In the eighteenth century the Frenchman Noverre and the Italian Galeotti taught the Dane Bournonville whose son August was the master of the Swede Johannsen, Fokine's teacher and also Pavlova's. Until thirty years ago, Bournonville (1805-79) was not widely known. His Royal Danish Ballet did not tour and did not export his ballets. Not until English and American critics visited Denmark and urged visits to London and New York was there any clear awareness of the ebullience of the Bournonville repertory and the splendors of the dancers trained in the technique he insisted upon. Erik Bruhn and Peter Martins are two of these. Bruhn provides a foreword to this translation of Bournonville's *My Theatre Life*. He points out that the Danes themselves, who know English well, could long ago have made this work accessible. Instead, the ingenuity of Patricia N. McAndrew of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who knew ballet and admired Bournonville's work when she first saw it in New York in 1965, set to work, learned Danish and translated his principal literary work. Reading this volume of professional recollection is like going to the theater and seeing *La Sylphide* or the welcoming joy of the last act of *Napoli* for the first time and wondering where they have been hidden. With infectious Kierkegaardian brio and garrulity, Bournonville squeezes in everything; thoughts about himself, his colleagues and all persons of consequence, the countries he visited, the poetry he wrote, the ballets he made and how he worked on them, the jobs he held, the political-cultural crises of his time, plus advice to parents, dancers and ballet-masters. Bournonville was his own Robert Craft.

He is best read piecemeal. In his later years, with no ballets demanding to be born, and no certainty that the ones he had made would last, he wrote: "I wish to be remembered. . . . Dancing and ballet as dramatic presentation is still a closed book to many people: I will attempt to open it." He succeeds. And yet, as Bournonville says at the start: "A *libretto*! Hardly more than a scaffolding left over from exploded fireworks! The *performance* is the real ballet." For all his articulate gifts, Bournonville is no more able than any other creator of dances to describe in detail the process of making individual ballets. That is for the rehearsal room and the stage. Happily, beyond Bour-

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Blue Collars, Black Lives

IRA BERLIN

BLACK DETROIT AND THE RISE OF THE UAW. *By August Meier and Elliot Rudwick. Oxford University Press. 287 pp. $15.*

The first half of the twentieth century witnessed the transformation of black people from agricultural to industrial workers. Since the movement from peasantry to proletariat took place simultaneously with the migration from South to North, the two processes have often been seen as one, the product of complementary "pushes" and "pulls." But into the 1940s, the overwhelming majority of black nonagricultural workers continued to toil as day laborers or domestics. The movement from plantation to ghetto was not immediately a movement from farm to factory. Until World War II, blacks remained outside the most dynamic sector of the nation's economy: the factory. The integration of black people into the industrial work force marked a major turning point in black life.

In *Black Detroit and the Rise of the UAW*, August Meier and Elliot Rudwick begin to unravel this story. As in most American industries, blacks played only a token role in automobile manufacture, the largest source of employment in Detroit. Many manufacturers refused to hire blacks other than as janitors and handymen, and those who allowed blacks assembly-line positions generally assigned them to jobs whites deemed least desirable. The most important exception to this policy of systematic exclusion and discrimination was the Ford Motor Company. Seeing blacks as "human beings"—if inferior ones—as well as peaceful, compliant workers, Henry Ford hired them in numbers that exceeded all other manufacturers combined. By 1937, blacks made up 12 percent of the workers in Ford's giant River Rouge plant, and a quarter of the black households in Detroit drew Ford paychecks. Ford not only employed black workers but also donated heavily to black charities and churches. If jobs won the loyalty of the black masses, his philanthropic largess assured the allegiance of the classes. Ford affirmed the alliance in true paternalistic style by annually attending services in the city's most prestigious black church.

Loyalty to Ford, black Detroit's largest employer and most prominent philanthropic benefactor, framed the struggle between labor and capital in Detroit during the Depression decades. But the drama was also played out in a larger national arena. Industrial unions grew rapidly following passage of the Wagner Act and the organization of the C.I.O. As they grew and capitalism continued to stumble, national black leaders began to move in the direction of an alliance with organized labor. Locally, however, blacks resisted such ties, in part because of traditional loyalties, in part because they had much to lose, and in part because of a deep-grained fear of trade union exclusivism. Not without reason, many black workers believed that they would never have gained their foothold at Ford if it had been unionized. The transformation of black Detroit from pro-industry to pro-union and the emergence of an alliance between black activism and industrial unionism reveal how the political struggles of the 1930s allowed blacks to gain entry into the mainstream of the American economy.

Meier and Rudwick trace this transformation by examining the interaction of three evolving institutions: the United Automobile Workers, the black community and the Federal bureaucracy. Mutual suspicions kept blacks and organized labor at arm's length as the U.A.W. began to organize. Blacks played almost no role in the sit-down strikes in the winter of 1936-37. But as the U.A.W. turned its attention to Ford, the necessity of organizing black workers became manifest. Union officials worked feverishly to allay black fear of white rank-and-file racism and black suspicion that union rules would be used to oust them from their industrial foothold. They placed black organizers in the field, formed a "Negro Department," wrote nondiscriminatory clauses into union contracts and used the union's weight in the larger struggle for racial equality. But white prejudice, often within the union itself, ran deep, and corporate officials manipulated it to divide workers. No matter how sincere their commitment, union leaders could not always deliver all they promised. But propelled by their own egalitarian vision and by the sure knowledge that their efforts were doomed without black participation, they pressed on.

White unionists searched for allies within a changing black community. These came slowly and reluctantly. A. Philip Randolph might thunder that the day of the "'good rich white man' is gone forever! . . . There must be solidarity among workers—white and black," but the old allegiance and, perhaps more important, the traditional understanding of power, changed slowly. Not surprisingly, many of the young black men attracted to the possibilities of a new alliance did not wear clerical collars, suggesting that the black community was undergoing important structural changes.

Meier and Rudwick examine the structure of black Detroit only superficially and then from a narrow institutional perspective. Rather than seeing the sources of support for the new alliance emerging from the changing nature

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of black life, they stress the influence of an enlightened local elite, itself pushed by a still more advanced national elite, in weaning black workers away from their old loyalty into "hesitant neutrality" and finally warm support of the U.A.W. According to Meier and Rudwick, black workers, like white workers, accepted the new alliance only grudgingly and only then when pushed by those at the top.

As the nascent alliance between the black community and the U.A.W. grew, Ford management reversed its employment practices and became one of the most discriminatory employers in Detroit. The Ford family abandoned its philanthropic efforts. Increasingly, blacks turned to the union to improve their economic position. Union leaders responded favorably, despite white rank-and-file opposition. The problem of meeting black expectations without alienating white unionists became a major preoccupation for union leaders. To solve it, they relied on an increasingly sympathetic and active Federal bureaucracy, often inducing the Federal Government to force needed actions and thereby deflect rank-and-file hostility from themselves. With consummate mastery, Meier and Rudwick trace the tangled web of interaction among black advancement organizations, union officials, corporate officers, Federal bureaucrats and black and white workers that strengthened and finally, in the heat of the Detroit race riot, forged the interracial alliance.

When the war came, blacks moved rapidly into industrial work. Wartime shortages aided their passage through the factory gate, but as Ford's policies demonstrated, these shortages might be met in other ways and, as previous experience had shown, wartime advances might easily ebb when peace returned. That they did not owed much to the now firm alliance between black Detroit and the U.A.W.

For almost two decades, August Meier and Elliot Rudwick have roamed the frontier of Afro-American history blazing trails that others have followed. Their work has been closely tied to the black community, its ideology and its institutions. Now, by exploring the reciprocal relationship between the struggles of blacks and workers, they have broken these confines. If they tend to view conflict from the bottom of society and its resolution from the top, they have at least forged a solid link between class and race conflict in the twentieth century. If few blacks sat in at the Buick factories in the 1930s and if few white unionists sat in at Woolworth's during the 1950s, they were nonetheless bound together in ways that changed the lives of both. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Abe Polsky's *Devour the Snow* offers a strong evening in the theater (at the John Golden Theatre on Broadway, though like most of the better things in that area, it originated Off Broadway at the Hudson Guild). When I say "strong," I refer to the savage intensity of its basic material, its dramatic treatment, its cast and its direction.

It is the story of the Donner party in 1846 on the California trail, caught in the mountain snows of Nevada and upper California, where many of the men, women and children perished from cold and hunger. Most of those who remained alive did so by consuming the corpses. The play, then, is about the extremes to which people will go to survive. One ought to remember in this connection that though the Donner incident is one of the most hideous of this kind, it is certainly not unique.

Despite the horror of the details, the play does not shock or disgust. We see nothing of the actual events; we only hear them related at the 1847 trial, in which two men of the party accuse a third—a German named Keseberg—not only of having eaten human flesh but of subsequent theft, rape and murder. The attorney for the prosecution, James Reed, was also a member of the ill-fated group. "Though the court records no longer exist," we learn from the playbill, "almost all the information is authentic history or solidly based on a reasonable interpretation of the known facts."

The play is continuously arresting. Its bloody course is revealed bit by bit with ever-increasing ferocity. Its essential point is expressed in two lines: the defendant, Keseberg, confesses, "My crime consists only in this: that I wanted to live." He now believes he should have chosen to die. The other line, spoken by the prosecuting attorney,

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Reed, is "My God! What we have let ourselves become!"

The latter line certainly applies to our times—and perhaps to all times. But it is not altogether fitting in this case. For the eating of human flesh to help keep oneself alive is surely less sinful than, say, the dropping of napalm from the air to destroy land and maim men, women and children. Humankind has always persisted in its passion to survive. It is not a *rational* impulse, for there is no *reason* for living except that, with a few exceptions, we want to live—under almost any conditions. That is how we are constituted, otherwise we would have become extinct. The will to survive is very nearly a definition of life.

We may exult in or deplore this. But what matters in regard to the play is that while it is about a shattering experience, it does not fulfill the demand—if we are inclined to insist on it—that it purify by "terror and pity." I found myself watching it not coldly but without genuine emotion. Though the awful "thing" happened, the play did not stir me to a greater awareness of the glory (or misery) of existence that tragedy is supposed to awaken. I remained "objective" throughout and I could only conclude that what I had seen was an exciting and intelligent documentary or, to put it another way, a well-wrought theater piece.

The director, Terry Schreiber, has chosen a fine cast and its constant involvement at every moment of the central situation with every turn of the argument has made it a most effective instrument of the play's design. By an extraordinary commitment to an understanding of the role's crucial elements—guilt, a despairing bafflement, self-defense at the inexplicable paradox of his behavior—Jon DeVries as the German rises to a height which the script itself, lacking any fundamental grandeur, hardly achieves. DeVries's performance will surely remain one of the best of the season. Excellent too in dignity and contained force is Stephen Joyce as the prosecutor. Paul David Richards is also worthy of special note because his role as the judge, less active than the others, might otherwise be overlooked.

David Mamet has written more original and strikingly theatrical plays than *Reunion* (one of the three one-acters that gives the evening its title), but none I have found more touching. (I saw two of the three at the Yale Repertory Theatre in New Haven two seasons ago.)

Reunion (at the Circle Repertory Theatre) presents the encounter of a father and daughter who meet again many years after he, an ex-G.I. and a former employee of the telephone company, has been abandoned by the girl's mother because of his alcoholism. He has remarried but his second wife has also left him for the same reason. Since then, with help from A.A., he has reformed and now holds a job at a small restaurant; he has made peace with himself. He cannot at first understand his daughter's sudden reappearance. After some momentary awkwardness on both sides we learn that the reason for her arrival is that she is now married to a decent enough husband who happens to be a poor lover; she is lonely and dissatisfied with her lot.

Though both father and daughter are without grievous complaint, the daughter has lost her bearings: she is just "being." She has come to find a father, a source or emblem of support in her inner isolation. Both she and her father are more or less unconsciously yearning to provide some special service to the other—an affection, a tie, a solace which they timidly hope will strengthen in time.

Mamet's writing here is marked by an honest sensibility and a humanity of perception which strike home, evading all stress or pointedness. It is in this play and in this vein, as in the underestimated *Duck Variations*—sketches of solitude and groping for connection—that Mamet's most telling qualities are revealed.

He is greatly aided by that admirable and always subdued actor, Michael Higgins, who really *thinks* on the stage; his acting bespeaks the play's theme. With lovely Lindsay Crouse, the two are a pair to whom our hearts warm.

It is reported that three of our centrally located playhouses—the Morosco, the Helen Hayes and the Bijou—will soon be torn down to be replaced by a hotel. (The hotel is to contain a theater, which will probably be oversized, as has happened in most recent Broadway theater-building, only suitable for vast spectacles.) Private money interests are steadily squeezing the theater out of our city. Other factors, of course, are the high cost of production and the high prices of admission.

I do not believe the theater as such will die—ever! But its life among us becomes every day more precarious. Then, too, I devoutly hope that the above-named playhouses and others similarly threatened—as Carnegie Hall was—may be saved for us through the concerted and collective resistance of civilized citizens. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

There are two ways of looking at *The Rose,* both of them centering on Bette Midler, the full-blown flower of the title. One way is to see it as a backstage tear-jerker in which Midler, driven by a relentless manager (Alan Bates) and gallantly but insufficiently sustained by a cool and clear-eyed lover (Frederic Forrest), declines rapidly, with the help of alcohol and drugs, from physical exhaustion to emotional disorientation to sudden death before the adoring eyes of thousands. This narrative is said to have been suggested by the melancholy career of Janis Joplin, but the falling star theme is unlikely to strike many viewers as a new insight into the rigors of show business. It works as well as it does only because, under Mark Rydell's strident direction, Midler is an uninhibited and refreshingly pugnacious victim, because Bates is as menacing a heavy as England has produced in years, and especially because Forrest injects color and dignity into his unpromising part as a desperate woman's stud. But the tale is spread out over two and a half hours, which is a long way to stretch a foregone conclusion, and would hardly have been undertaken but for the other aspect of the film, for which it provides the base.

That is the sight and sound of Midler in four or five elaborate production numbers. The Rose's talent as a vocalist, according to the script, is such that she can fill any auditorium, any football stadium, any night in the week. She will undoubtedly fill movie houses for months to come. The Midler style may indeed recall Janis Joplin's; it certainly recalls that of Mick Jagger and I don't know how many other present-day Dionysians. She struts out on stage in a gown run up from a set of beaded curtains, pouts her lips to receive the phallic microphone and greets the audience

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with an obscene endearment that elicits a sustained roar of joy. She waves gratefully. The lights then begin to spin and the band, electronic down even to the harmonica, beats out a deafening background for the Midler lyrics, which the initiates apparently identify as salacious, but which can be understood only occasionally over the pandemonium on stage and in the hall. However, *hearing* a superpersonality such as Midler is hardly the point—one attends to observe her frenzies and receive her magic. She bumps and grinds, she cakewalks and falls to her knees, she grins with mad self-satisfaction and grimaces as though in torment. She solicits the spectators, who offer her roses and whiskey while strong guards hold them back.

The scene looks spontaneous and about to be getting out of hand, but in fact it is plotted to the finest tuning of the final rheostat. It is commercial ecstasy, nirvana at so much a head. But that does not disqualify it as a spiritual occasion—it was the church that invented the box office—or the Midlers and Jaggers as custodians of the mysteries. People do not attend such occasions to be entertained; they come to be transported. My trouble is that I cannot identify the deity being adored; for my peace of mind, it may be just as well.

This seems to be my week for peering across the generation gap. I watched *Quadrophenia* in an audience comprised mainly of young men and women who laughed and cheered, seeming to find in the proceedings some endorsement of their own ways of life. For me, it was as jolly as a chronicle of slow starvation, which in a sense it is.

Set in England about ten years ago, the film records several weeks in the life of Jimmy (Phil Daniels), an office boy in a London advertising firm, who rides his Lambretta through the neon nights of the city, and aspires to be recognized as an authentic Mod. To that end he gulps pills bought from a friendly black pusher, hangs about in airless dance parlors where he jerks spastically to the music of the Who and swears undying contempt for all Rockers. These latter I found hard to differentiate from Mods, but I gather they favor a less abrasive style of music and wear more leather than their rivals think acceptable.

Quadrophenia is derived from a Who album of the same name that celebrates the career of a boy so sensitive that he suffers a four-part schizophrenia. Jimmy is the boy in question and he is indeed sensitive, if total vulnerability can be so described. What with the crash of the music and the squashed accents of the cast, I caught little of the dialogue. The only remark that came across clearly was "fuck off," but it came across incessantly, summing up the timid belligerence of Jimmy's crowd. All in all, they are as truculent and defenseless as a low-tide congregation of hermit crabs, brandishing their large and largely ineffective claws, ever tense to streak back into their shells.

However, it won't do to dismiss these youths with a crustacean simile; their behavior is fantastic and deplorable, but their tragedy is real. As directed by Franc Roddam, a new and perceptive director, the film is painfully convincing. Phil Daniels, to use another simile, has the face of a lemur—large, surprised eyes . . . a quivering muzzle. The spuriously jaunty Jimmy whom he portrays suffers from the illusion that he is not understood; in fact, he is understood only too well, particularly by his working-class parents, who gaze upon him and despair. He wants to belong somewhere, naturally enough, but the only company available to him is composed of other frightened outsiders. So they careen around on their bikes, testily jockeying one another, displaying their middle fingers to all bystanders and leaving a wake of litter as the sign of their passage. Like his pals, Jimmy is not equipped, by intelligence, training or guidance, to survive the bad vibrations of our midcentury, and at the end he rides a stolen bike off a chalk cliff. But at the beginning we saw him walking up a moor from just such a cliff, and I take it that *Quadrophenia* is to be understood as one of those loops of film that project their messages endlessly to the passers-by: other Jimmys, on other uppers and downers, snapping their heads to the music and joining motorcycle forays against middle-class susceptibilities. Some of those around me in the theater were also given to shouting "fuck off," particularly when asked to pipe down. It is the least inspiriting of expletives.

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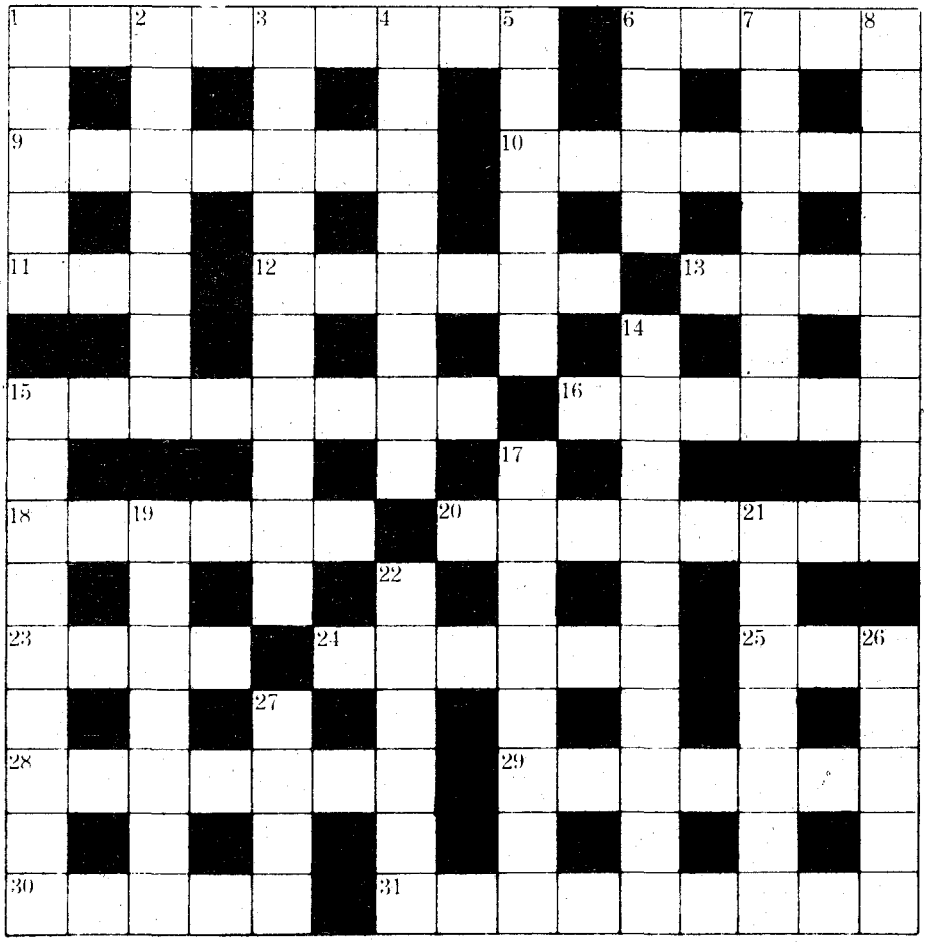
comedy on the unhackneyed subject of the male menopause. This complaint has seized George Webber (Moore), somewhat prematurely, I thought, at the age of 43, and perhaps for that reason has struck him with such violence that the glimpse through a car window of a bride on her way to the church turns him from the Jekyll of a successful songwriter and competent lover into a Hyde lusting obsessively after a girl, young enough to be his daughter, who rates 11 on his scale of 10. All done with a light touch, needless to say—this is no black comedy and Moore is unexcelled when playing the smart and thoroughly decent chap who cannot avoid situations in which appearances are embarrassingly against him.

Webber pursues his coveted bride from Hollywood to a Mexican beach resort, very improbably saves the bridegroom from being eaten by sharks, and, less probably still, is rewarded by the bride's offer to assuage his passion to the strains of Ravel's "Bolero," a composition she relishes on such occasions. I would have thought that a man of Webber's alleged sophistication and musical taste would have been alerted by that old canard about "Bolero" to the possibility that he was climbing into the wrong bed. But in he climbs and there he is cured of his menopausal fevers. Old parties, those who began their amorous careers back in the 1950s, can't get into erotic tune with long-legged young women of today who make love as casually as they scoop out an avocado. Instead of copulating, Webber takes to argument. This is important, he says; it is imprudent; indeed, it is probably immoral. Oh, come off it, says she; it's just fun. "I've got no problems," she adds, giving Webber the last word and a mind restored to its former poise.

"10" is a funny movie, and intelligent. It has a weak twenty minutes in the middle, when Webber is on a drunken binge complicated by dental painkillers; not even Moore can make that entertaining. And from time to time it lapses into sentimentality, which slapstick, that least maudlin of styles, should never do. But it's an effective comment on the generation gap, mentioned earlier, and probably the best material Moore has had since the inspired satire of *Beyond the Fringe*. Blake Edwards wrote the script and directed. Julie Andrews plays Webber's mistress; Bo Derek is the bride. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1798

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 Hieroglyphic decipherment might involve what some writers make. (9,5)
9 Operated in the gear-shift order. (7)
10 Doing the twist, dance is hectic, but sweet. (7)
11, 6 down and 26 The essentials are what the diner might have at last, and gobbles up. (4,3,5)
12, 13 and 23 The legal implications of "54-40 or Fight"? (6-4,4)
15 The month goes quickly, such being ephemeral. (3,5)
16 How Casey waltzed. (6)
18 Although you might find hers OK, this really has to be lawful. (6)
20 Synonym for "conservatively" when applied to "dressed," "behaved," etc. (8)
23 See 12 across.
24 Given power, with a little something under the coat? (6)
25 Prohibition is coming back—that's the catch! (3)
28 Die, in a way, and get into wrong impressions made at the same time. (7)
29 Marking a distinctive period of time, cheap, and not entirely old-fashioned. (7)
30 Where they seem to think the meanwhile is important. (5)
31 Puts things off around the conclusion of those dug in, perhaps. (9)

DOWN

1 Feature article inside a lot of associated newspapers. (5)
2, 17 and 27 Equivalent to a mess of rainbow trout? (1,6,6,2,4)
3 One of two children in a poetic maritime monarchy. (7,3)
4 Getting to here is wrong, according to general propositions. (8)
5 Is such noise illegal except in court proceedings? (6)
6 See 11 across.
7 If one is in the sort of nude, it has to be altogether so! (7)
8 Today will be tomorrow. (9)
14 A nearby minister to possess this? (If you're asking for a clue, shut up!) (6,4)
15 Nixon always seemed to want to do this perfectly! (4,5)
17 See 2 down.
19 Shakespeare evidently had more than one of sweet silent thought. (7)
21 One's wails warn. (7)
22 Written and possibly folded. (6)
26 See 11 across.
27 See 2 down.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1797

ACROSS: 1 and 22 Shoot it out; 4 Squirt; 11 Stretto; 12 Railing; 13 Dissemble; 14 Knife; 15 Energetically; 17 Knowledgeable; 24 Dromedary; 25 Villain; 26 Naivete; 27 Roster; 28 Agate.
DOWN: 2 Horns in; 5 and 3 Quick on the draw; 6 Initial; 7 Tagged; 8 Aside; 9 Double wedding; 10 Freezing point; 16 Awakening; 18 Noodles; 19 Leanest; 20 Silver; 21 Typed; 23 Trace.

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Ladies and gentlemen, we are fortunate in having with us a 114-year-old magazine—THE NATION. How do you feel, sir?

Well, I feel better than the old *Saturday Evening Post.* Ben, I used to call him—you know, after Ben Franklin. . . .

You knew the old *Post*?

Sure, I knew all the big ones. *McClure's.* Always muck, muck, muck. *Liberty.* Nice fellow, *Liberty.* "This article will take you 3 minutes, 45 seconds to read," he'd say, and we'd both laugh.

How about the newer magazines? Do you know them?

Oh sure. I remember *Politicks.* Poor fellow, died young. And *Viva*—never could make up his/her mind. Then there was *New Times*—he's gone too. Had a weak heart—took up *Running.* One thing I can't stand is this new trend to celebrity journalism—all those personality articles.

What's the matter, don't you like people?

No, I don't like *People.*

Some of those old magazines have been revived—*Life*, *Look*, even *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Yeah, they went to Switzerland and had those operations. They're nice—cute, but not the same.

To what do you attribute your long life?

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One thing I've learned is, never trust a politician who says he'll never lie to you.

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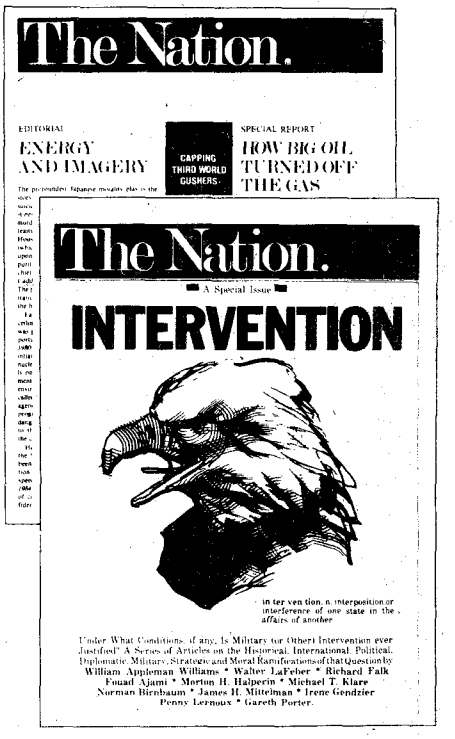
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